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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

SEPTEMBER 1915

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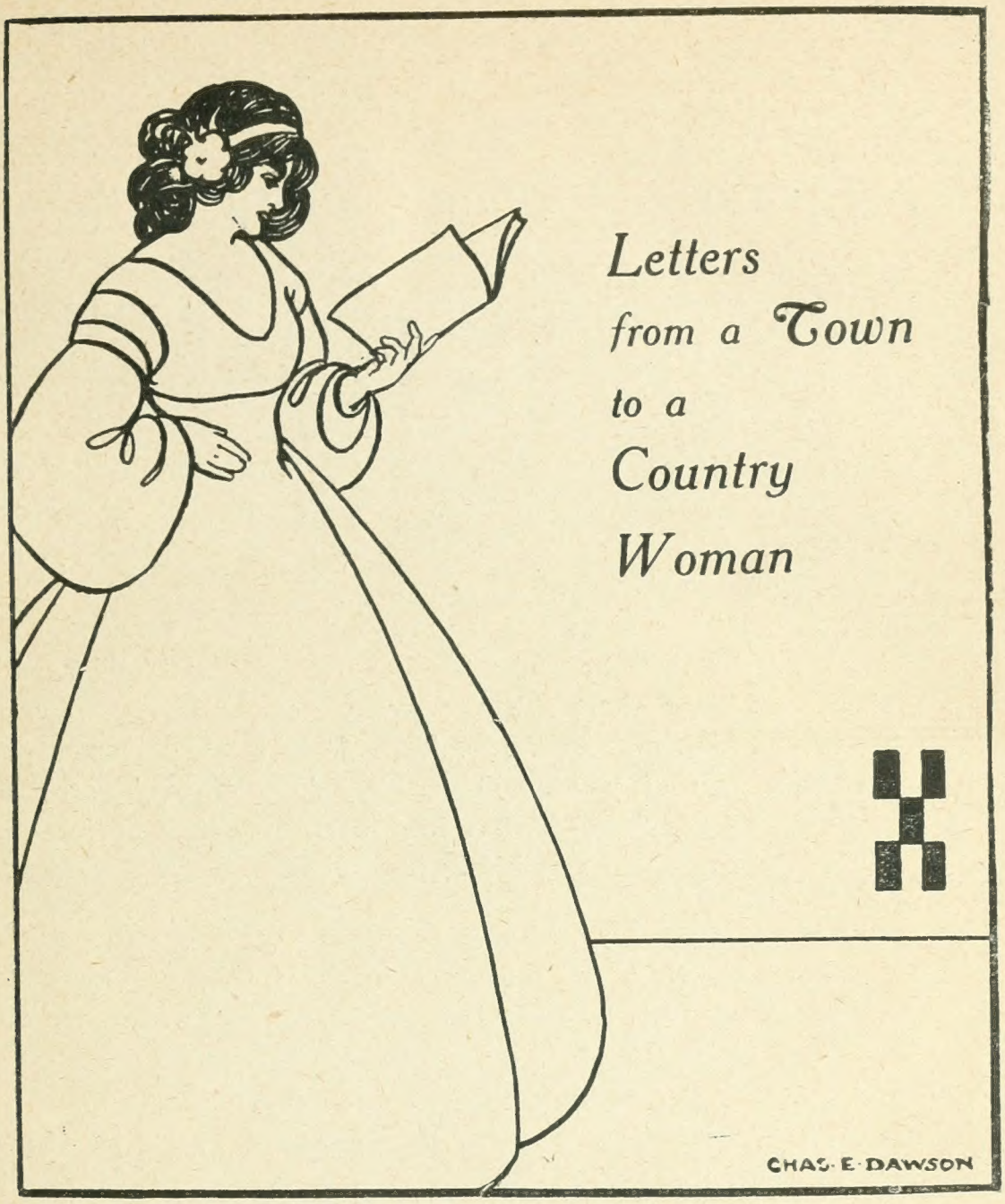

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Letters from a Town to a Country Woman

Just now everyone is speculating as to what surprises and changes the new Autumn models hold in store for us. Happily for the majority of people who are practising the gentle art of economy, there will be no such revolutionary changes as those that startled the world of Fashion last Spring when the voluminous full-skirted toilettes made their definite appearance. Whether we like it or not the flare skirt has come to stay, and even the most advanced fashion designer has not ventured to suggest anything more startling than a modified version of the new modes which one and all alike are growing familiar with. These still show short skirts, which have a tendency to creep higher and higher above the ankles, a fashion which women past the first flush of youth will certainly do well to ignore; for graceful and becoming as the ultra short skirt may be for girls in their teens they are anything but suited to elderly women.

Flare Skirts and Ample Draperies

¶ One notes the flare and full ample draperies of the present day and evening gowns creeping into the new tailored costumes that are going to carry all before them this season. Coats are longer and more ample, while skirts are shorter and far fuller round the hem than before. Indeed, the circular skirt is the fad of the moment, though it is worthy of note that the smartest and most becoming of these are all made with well-fitting hip yokes that are very graceful and give a very slender line to all wearers. At Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, where a large selection of the most advanced Autumn tailor-made costumes are already being shown, one notes that quite a number of the newest coats are made with double backs which suggest a bolero over a long tunic, the short bolero back being finished off in a neat scallop which appears just above the waist line.

New Collars of Fur

¶ Other features of the new coats are high and very becoming fur collars which give a very generous finish and look remarkably well used in conjunction with the new fine velour cloth coats; while in distinct contrast to this somewhat dressy type of

costume one finds several very neat and exceedingly trim but severely cut coats that finish in the new slightly full flare basque which reaches to just below the hip line, and introduces a quite new line so becoming that it is sure to appeal to a great many women who may consider that the long double back coats are a trifle too elaborate and dressy for ordinary everyday wear.

A Beautiful new Blouse

¶ With these smart costumes are worn quite a new type of blouse, which comes as a welcome change after the severely plain pyjama silk shirts which have enjoyed so fashionable a vogue. The new blouses are not quite so dressy and elaborate as the much be-frilled chiffon confections that a great many women wore with the short-coated toilettes of yesterday. These are made of brocaded *crêpe de chine* cut on simple lines and trimmed with insertions of fine silk beading arranged so as to form the high V-shaped points in front. The necks are finished off by a becoming Napoleon collar of plain white silk, which also makes a one-sided rever that fastens in front by a single button and button-hole. These shirts, which are especially adapted to the new type of coat, are also obtainable from Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, where so many novelties in this direction first see light. The fact that they are inexpensive and that they wash exceedingly well will doubtless make them appeal to a great many wearers.

A Dressmaker who makes up Materials

¶ The recent Summer sales afforded such unique opportunities to acquire bargains in dress lengths and remnants suitable for making tea gowns and blouses that it has become a problem of pressing interest to a great many women to know how to get the same made up. In view of this state of affairs it may not be inopportune to draw attention to a really good dressmaker—Madame Raymond, of Earl's Court Road, who not only undertakes to make up ladies' own materials, but who can thoroughly be recommended as doing her work far better than the ordinary run of little dressmakers. Madame Raymond possesses both taste and experience and knows how to make the utmost of all materials entrusted to her care; while all her ideas are thoroughly up to date, as she designs a great many model toilettes for the West End shops. A good deal of the success of this dressmaker is due to the fact that she takes a personal interest in all the work she turns out, as she does all the cutting-out of materials and fitting herself, while she keeps a thoroughly competent staff of needlewomen to help her with her work.

Beautiful Lingerie

¶ The question of lingerie has come very much to the fore of late, owing to the enormous changes that have taken place in this direction. According to Fashion's latest decree, lawn, lace, and delicate muslin embroideries alike have had to give place to coloured ninon, *crêpe de chine,* and fine, delicately-hued nainsook, which are now used to make the most fashionable and up-to-date lingerie. Not only petticoats for evening wear, but night-dresses, camisoles, pantaloons, and chemises alike are trimmed with dainty tulle ruches; while some of the delicately-coloured ninon night-dresses adorned with the finest silk fancy work embroidery look far more like rest gowns or boudoir wraps than anything else. Perhaps the best assortment of novel lingerie, made after the latest modes, is to be found at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street and Vere Street, who are showing the most beautiful trousseaux sets of lingerie, all of which represent the very latest ideas in artistic designs which, while very effective, are exceedingly simple and easy to copy, a great deal of their beauty consisting of the delicate coloured fabrics used for their manufacture.

New Materials and New Ribbons

¶ This same firm are also showing all manner of new fabrics for Winter wear both in silks, satins, and woollen materials; while a very interesting display of new ribbons is another feature which is attracting considerable attention, as nearly all the new ribbons on show here are designed exclusively for this firm, who supply so many of the leading dressmakers and milliners in all parts of the country with materials. These ribbons are largely used for trimming the new millinery, one very favourite design being a silk corded ribbon dotted over with minute gold flowers which remind one of the graceful patterns to be seen adorning old Venetian glass.

Another notable novelty introduced by this firm are some exceedingly beautiful Parisian model blouses suitable for restaurant and theatre wear. One of these models strikes a wholly new note, as it introduces a new fabric in the form of printed ninon representing black and white shepherd's plaid, which is remarkably effective worn over an underslip having sleeves of white lace and a low lace *décolletage.*

The Autumn Hats

¶ Considerable interest has been aroused of late by the lavish display of new Autumn millinery which is making its appearance in all the big shops in the West End. One notes the reappearance of beautiful velour hats of all shapes, also a preponderance of

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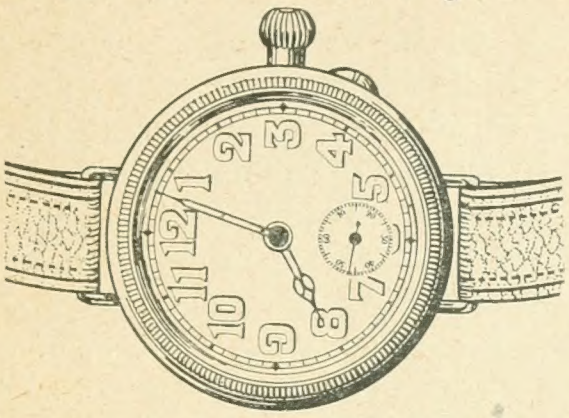

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close-fitting toques that are fashioned on "torpedo" shapes and show a novel arrangement of high upstanding tulle wings that envelop the entire crown like flames, and are held in an upright position by means of thin, almost invisible, wires. In one or two instances these tulle flames are edged with an outline of narrow fur edging—mink, sable, and ermine being used for the purpose with the greatest effect. Other new shapes include the new Tam O'Shanter hat made of soft uncrushable chiffon velvet which proves becoming to the few rather than the many; while there is a great feeling for boldly upturned brims somewhat after the shape of the French sailor hat or the big Jack Tar hats adopted by little boys some years ago. These are always lined with black velvet and in some instances are adorned with a single white feather or a white heron plume laid flatly on the velvet. Ribbon hats are again coming to the fore, and nothing looks better worn with the severely plain tailor-made costumes of the present moment.

A Pocket-Cooker which makes an ideal present for a soldier

¶ Coming to matters of general interest, one must not forget to mention a new and most ingenious contrivance which has lately made its appearance. This is a portable cooking stove, small and compact enough to be carried in the pocket, which not only forms an ideal gift for a soldier on active service, but proves an equally invaluable asset in the sick room or for travelling or household use. The new cooker takes the form of a small round box which, on being opened, reveals a spirit stove and miniature saucepan for boiling things in. The stove is simplicity itself, being fitted with a solid block of methylated spirit which can neither evaporate nor spill, and which can be relit over and over again. This solid spirit is particularly valuable, as it gives off three times the heat of any other known fuel. Refills can be had for replenishing the stove, and these take very little room to carry. One block, however, burns for three hours, thus enabling quite a number of people to prepare hot food or drinks at a time.

A Picnic Necessity

¶ Needless to say, the new stove is being supplied by hundreds to our men across the sea. Indeed, so handy a contrivance is it that it is becoming quite invaluable for picnic use at home as well as abroad; whilst the traveller will find it of untold comfort, for being wind-proof it burns quite as well out of doors as under ordinary circumstances. Moreover, this new Tommy Cooker, as it is called, is obtainable at any big store or from

the makers, Tommy's Cooker Company, Limited, 31 Carburton Street, Great Portland Street, W., and as it is marvellously cheap it comes well within the reach of everyone.

A New Table Decoration

¶ Another novelty of the moment which is attracting a good deal of attention is the new amethyst glass which is used for vases and flower bowls. This is of a deep purple tint and looks particularly well for luncheon and dinner table decoration, as the deep colour not only forms a beautiful background for flowers, but constitutes a striking contrast against white napery or the dainty lace and embroidered table mats used on so many tables. In addition to tall, upright vases of many shapes one finds large, shallow glass basins of big proportions specially designed for holding water lilies, but which are now used for all manner of flowers, which are divested of their stalks and allowed to float on the top of the water—a fashion of floral decoration which is not only a popular fad of the moment, but one that is most economical, as not only do flowers last far longer, but only about half the quantity are required for table or room decoration when they are arranged in this manner.

MARY MARSH.

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Edited by Austin Harrison

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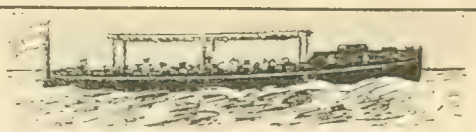

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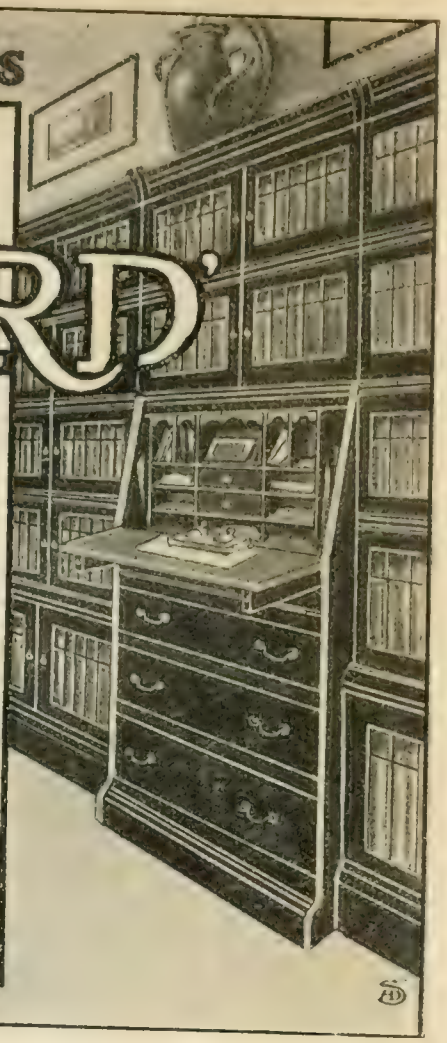

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
SEPTEMBER, 1915

The Quest

By Malcolm Taylor

I left the port behind.
The shouting of my comrades on the wind
Came slowly to my ears.
"O sail not on that sea," they said,
"Its waters are the gathered tears
Of all mankind; its waves are red
With mortal blood—
Its gales are gusty fears:
Return, return thou ere the flood
Shall close upon thy head."

I turned me from the wheel
And gaily waved—
Although my hand had better saved
A show of joy I did not feel,
For already in my breast
My heart was sick-opprest
By wingèd fears that loudly shrilled
About my ears and craven filled
My eyes with visions of despair:—
Right then and there
I had turned back—but I had willed.

I strained to see the shore and like a ghost
Of cloud low-lying hung the coast.
My soul was full of them I left behind:—
And my eyes were dark with unwept tears,
'Tis unwept tears most blind

Scorching the eyes like flakes of fire
And each flake darkens and sears
A vision which is truer, higher,
The vision of the mind.
I thought of all the genial mirth
That I might never know again,
Of all the quiet human worth
And all the kindly warmth of men.
Yet 'twas her face near made me blench,
Fresh in my memory,
And the thought of her bid fair to wrench
Me from my purpose—She
Whose brave eyes smiled
Acceptance and her hope and trust
When all the rest cried, "Fail you must,"
And called my vision wild.
Her words to me, "A man fulfilled."
At thought of that my spirit thrilled:—
And yet so twofold are the minds of men
That there and then
I had turned back—but I had willed.

Thus first I gained a victory.
And then I faced the sea—
Against the swiftly falling night
The wake was like a gash of white
On porphyry,
While like a lidless eye
That fixed its drunken stare on me,
The sun rolled in the sky.
It was as though a giant fiend
To the sharp horizon clung,
His body dangling downward screened
By ocean where he hung
While slanting his one eye careened
And slowly seaward swung.
He dangled into eternity—
Dangled as even I—
Until as struggling desperately
He slipped without a cry,
And his red eyeball cut the sea
And vanished from the sky.

He dropped from off the ocean's marge
And all night long he fell
To rise next day, new-born and large,
With menace fresh from hell :—
But would my soul its task discharge
And rise again as well?
I grasped the helm and firmly stilled
All doubt in me. Had I not willed?

Yet from that evening ever on
With each downsetting sun
I felt as if something set in me—
Whether of good or ill—
That left within a sense of dearth
No dawn would ever fill
And every eve the quiet sea
From that time ever after
Holding its sides through length and girth
Would rock my ship with its silent mirth
And shake with soundless laughter.

I rode in storms where sky and sea
Hunted my reeling craft
And clawed her from stem to top cross-tree
And mouthed her fore and aft.
But O the calms in which I yawed—
For years, it seemed to me—
When every moment deeper gnawed
Into my sanity;
When every moment brought its death,
And like a sentient thing
The silence watched and with my each breath
Crept up and crouched to spring.
Frozen as in an evil dream
I floated horror-bound,
Or screamed as but the dumb can scream
But never heard a sound.
The loneliness, the emptiness,
Of heart and soul and hand!
It crushed me like an iron press,
It maddened and unmanned.

I rotted like a corpse on rotten seas
That had been eaten into to the core:
The air was rank contagion and disease,
The ocean sweated slime at every pore,
And rose and fell with a heaving swell
Like a ten-day corpse or more,
While each wave of that watery hell
Broke in a whitèd sore.
I shook with dread at every lunge
My vessel made that day
Lest I through such corruption plunge
To the depths of its decay.
The new moon took one startled look
And swiftly turned away.
But never was my purpose stilled
That said, "Not yet art thou fulfilled,"
And I steered on—for I had willed.

Often I turned my eyes toward home
Only to see the wake
Uncoiling behind me, white with foam,
Like the belly of a snake.
Some nights like bats would on me steal
And furl me in their reeking wings,
Enverminous with loathsome things:
But O the nights I left the wheel
And leaned me back to watch the stars
Careen and dip around the tip
Of the masthead—when sleep would seal
My eyes and heal me of my scars.

I broke the sacred sleep of silent seas
And woke them with my cheers:
I startled night and morning with my shouts and with my tears,
I troubled eve and dawning with my doubts and with my fears,
I silenced ocean's voices with my pleas:
Vaunted, trembled, hoped, despaired,
Cared not a whit, then doubly cared.
Yet all the while my vessel tilled
The barren pastures of the seas,
And I steered on—had I not willed?

So have I sailed for long long days,
And longer nights the trackless ways
Of all the seas of earth :—
And thus it has gone for year on year.
Sometimes strange shapes have hovered near
In sorrow or in mirth,
While stranger music, sweet and fair,
Hath breathed in voiceless song,
Parting the still, unstartled air,
And borne my ship along :
But never have I seen a sail
On all those seas or had a hail.

This morn I knew the end was nigh
The dawn took flame along the sky
So wondrous fair my heart took fire.
All day I've waited—in desire
That burnt out all but faith in me,
As on a funerary pyre,
And fortitude to wait and see.

This evening ere the daylight passed,
As by some nameless force,
The sea was back on its haunches cast
And plunged like a frightened horse
While one great wave rushed from the west
Out of the gathering night
And drowned the red sun beneath its crest
Ere vanishing from sight.
The restless sea fawned upon me,
Fawned like a treacherous hound,
While on me night more swiftly fell
Than darkness in a swound :
My heart was as a tongueless bell
And shook but gave no sound.

And then a light—a newer dawn—
Kindled the skies afresh :
The sea beneath looked white and drawn
And crept like creeping flesh.
'Twas as the light we see in dream,
A sword through darkness thrust,

A flare that made the lightning seem
A pallid streak of dust.
It faded and I saw the moon arise:
The waves were flecked with foam like yeast
And as the tonsure of a leprous priest
It shone against the sombre arras of the skies.

And then it was I saw Him first—
A radiance from within Him shone.
I knew I had put forth alone,
And wondered who it was that durst
Be with me now.
He came and stood Him at my side:
I marvelled and I asked Him; He replied,
"To thee am I a stranger, yet
To me no stranger thou.
Thy end of search here hast thou met.
I am Thyself—and free."

"O Self, but Thou art fairer far
Than I e'er thought could be."
"Yea fairer, like a hidden star,
For all thy quest," said He,
And at His each word a prison bar
Broke 'twixt heaven and me.

'Tis well a man be doubly manned,
So was I glad and took His hand,
But O the hunger of His touch
Near broke my heart that it was such.
We faced the sea—my spirit thrilled
That I had found as I had willed.

The "Penny" Basket

By Harold Horton

In this dusty basket tilted at the door
Of an old book store,
Are the ribands of the volumes that were gay
In my father's day,—
Are the tatters of the wisdom and the folly that were old
Ere Pharaoh's bones were mould.

All are equal in this filthy-smelling heap
Where long spiders creep;
Royal purple, pauper's grey, and scholar's green,
Hueless and obscene,
Stained with coffee, ink, and violets, and grease, and nameless smears—
Dried blood, maybe, and tears.

Here is metal that the digger took for gold,—
Lead, in the type's mould;
And a sky-white jewel crusted foul as hell,—
Outcast for its shell;
And some verses shriven clean, by "Rosa's love" inscribed within,
From moth's—and poet's sin.

Here's a saint who found a certain way to Heaven
(Nett: One and eleven);
The confession of a wretch who sought for hope
Past the hempen rope;
And some yellow, dog-eared, gritty leaves, with Hebrew pencillings,
From the First Book of Kings.

You may jostle them and make the mildew fly,—
You may leave or buy—
E'en the ghosts of these old volumes fret no more
By this musty door.
Have you seen them?—dust your palms, and turn the dirty ticket there:—
"A Penny, anywhere!"

La France

By Armèn Ter-Ohanian

J'étais exilée de ma patrie et j'errais sur la vaste étendue de la terre en en cherchant une autre patrie.

Et je suis arrivée dans un pays où il n'y avait qu'un long printemps et un long automne, où l'on ignorait les chaleurs accablantes de nos étés et les froids mortels de nos montagnes. Et parmi les vignes et les champs ensoleillés, je voyais travailler les gens de ce pays, toujours jeunes, souriants et hospitaliers.

Et j'ai demandé: "Quel est le nom de ce pays heureux?"

Et l'on m'a répondu: "La France, la Voluptueuse."

Et je me suis approchée des villes, pleines de monuments splendides, de châteaux harmonieux, d'arcs fiers des triomphes de leur passé, et au-dessus de tous je voyais toujours les cimes des cathédrales géantes qui montaient vers le ciel dans un désir extatique de saisir leur Dieu.

Et j'ai demandé: "Quel est le nom de ce pays merveilleux?"

Et l'on m'a répondu: "La France, la Glorieuse."

J'avançais toujours, lorsque je fus frappée de la couleur rouge d'une large rivière. Horreur! C'était une rivière de sang chaud qui apportait de très loin ses ondes épaisses. J'ai avancé encore. Devant moi, les nuages de fumée noire couvraient le soleil au-dessus d'un champ de combattants: les uns tombaient en souriant à la mort, les autres les remplaçaient en chantant.

Et j'ai demandé: "Quel est le nom de ce pays chevaleresque?"

Et l'on m'a répondu: "La France, la Courageuse."

Enfin, je suis arrivée dans une cité immense, dont je ne voyais ni le commencement ni la fin, une cité pleine de palais somptueux, de parcs et de bassins. Le soleil brillait sur le marbre des pavés et caressait les visages sereins et

résignés des femmes voilées de deuil profond. Les cloches des nombreuses églises remplissaient l'air de sons graves et les mots, inconnus de moi : "*Te Deum!*" sortaient du sein des milliers de mille.

Et, respectueusement, j'ai demandé : "Quel est le nom de ce pays de deuil?"

Et l'on m'a répondu : "La France, la Victorieuse."

J'ai embrassé alors le sol de ce pays et j'ai dit : "J'ai trouvé ma patrie, la seconde."

My Childhood (iv)

By Maxim Gorki

Translated from the Russian by Mrs. G. M. Foakes.

Once more I found myself at grandfather's.

"Well, robber, what do you want?" were his words of greeting; and he accompanied them by rapping his fingers on the table. "I am not going to feed you any longer; let your grandmother do it."

"And so I will," said grandmother. "Ekh! what ill-luck. Just think of it."

"All right, feed him if you want to," cried grandfather; then growing calmer, he explained to me:

"She and I live quite separately now; we have nothing to do with each other."

Grandmother, sitting under the window, was making lace with swift movements; the shuttle snapped gaily, and the pillow, thickly sewn with copper pins, shone like a golden hedgehog in the spring sunlight. And grandmother herself—one would think she had been cast in copper—was unchanged. But grandfather was more wizened, more wrinkled; his sandy hair had grown grey, and his calm, self-important manner had given way to a fuming fussiness; his green eyes had grown dim, and had a suspicious expression. Laughingly, grandmother told me of the division of property which had taken place between herself and grandfather; he had given her all the pots and pans and crockery ware, saying:

"Here is your little lot, and don't you ask me for anything else."

Thereupon he took all her old clothes and things, including a cloak of fox fur, and sold them for seven hundred roubles, and put the money out at interest to his Jew godson, the fruit merchant. Finally the malady of avarice fastened upon him, and he became lost to shame; he began

to go about amongst his old acquaintances, his former colleagues, rich merchants, and complaining that he had been ruined by his children, would ask for money to help him in his poverty. He profited by their regard for him, for they gave to him generously—large sums in notes which he flourished boastfully in grandmother's face, taunting her, like a child:

"Look, fool, they won't give you a hundredth part of that."

The money which he obtained in this way he put out at interest with a new friend of his—a tall, bald furrier called, in the village, Khlist (a horsewhip), and his sister, a shopkeeper—a fat, red-cheeked woman with brown eyes, dark and sweet like virgin-honey.

All expenses in the house were carefully divided: one day the dinner was prepared by grandmother from provisions bought with her own money; and the next day it was grandfather who provided the food—and his dinners were never as good as hers, for grandmother bought good meat while he bought such stuff as liver and lights and scraps of meat. They each had their own store of tea and sugar, but the tea was brewed in the same teapot, and grandfather would say anxiously:

"Wait! Wait a moment! . . . How much have you put in?"

Shaking the tea-leaves out on to his palm, he would carefully measure them out, saying:

"Your tea is finer than mine, so I ought to put in less, as mine is a large leaf."

He was very particular that grandmother should pour out his tea and her own both equally strong, and that she should fill her cup only as often as he filled his.

"What about the last one?" she asked, just before she had poured out all the tea.

Grandfather looked into the teapot and said:

"There's plenty there—for the last one."

Even the oil for the image-lamp he bought separately—and this after fifty years of united labour! These tricks of grandfather amused and disgusted me at the same time, but to grandmother they were simply funny.

"You be quiet!" she would say pacifyingly to me. "What of it? He is an old, old man, and he is getting

silly; that's all. He must be eighty, or not far off it. Let him play the fool; what harm does it do anyone? And I will do a little work for myself and you—never mind!"

I also began to earn a little money; in the holidays, early in the morning, I took a bag and went about the yards and the streets collecting bones, rags, paper, and nails. Rag-merchants would give two greevin (twenty kopecks) for a pood (forty pounds) of rags and paper, or iron, and ten or eight kopecks for a pood of bones. I did this work on weekdays after school too, and on Saturdays I sold articles at thirty kopecks or half a rouble each, and sometimes more if I was lucky. Grandmother took the money away from me and put it quickly into the pocket of her skirt, and praised me, looking down:

"There! Thank you, my darling. This will do for our food. . . . You have done very well."

One day I saw her holding five kopecks of mine in her hands, looking at them, and quietly crying; and one muddy tear hung from the tip of her spongy, pumicestone-like nose.

A more profitable game than rag-picking was the theft of logs and planks from the timber-yards on the banks of the Oka, or on the Island of Pesk, where, in fair time, iron was bought and sold in hastily built booths. After the fairs the booths used to be taken down, but the poles and planks were stowed away in the boathouses, and remained there till close on the time of the spring floods. A small houseowner would give ten kopecks for a good plank, and it was possible to steal two a day. But for the success of the undertaking, bad weather was essential, when a snow-storm or heavy rains would drive the watchmen to hide themselves under cover.

I managed to pick up some friendly accomplices—one ten-year-old son of a Morduan beggar, Sanka Vyakhir, a kind, gentle boy always tranquilly happy; kinless Kostrom, lanky and lean, with tremendous black eyes, who in his thirteenth year was sent to a colony of young criminals for stealing a pair of doves; the little Tartar Khabi, a twelve-year-old "strong man," simple-minded and kind; blunt-nosed Yaz, the son of a graveyard watchman and gravedigger, a boy of eight, taciturn as a fish, and suffering from epilepsy; and the eldest of all was the son of a

widowed dressmaker, Grishka Tchurka, a sensible, straightforward boy, who was terribly handy with his fists. We all lived in the same street.

Theft was not counted as a crime in our village; it had become a custom, and was practically the only means the half-starved natives had of getting a livelihood. Fairs lasting a month and a half would not keep them for a whole year, and many respectable householders "did a little work on the river"—catching logs and planks which were borne along by the tide, and carrying them off separately or in small loads at a time; but the chief form this occupation took was that of thefts from barges, or in a general prowling up and down the Volga or Oka on the look-out for anything which was not properly secured. The grown-up people used to boast on Sundays of their successes, and the youngsters listened and learned. In the springtime, during the spell of heat before the fair, when the village streets were full of drunken workmen, cabmen, and all classes of working folk, the village children used to rummage in their pockets. This was looked upon as legitimate business, and they carried it on under the very eyes of their elders. They stole his tools from the carpenter, the keys from the heedless cabman, the harness from the dray-horse, and the iron from the axles of the cart. But our little band did not engage in that sort of thing. Tchurka announced one day in a tone of decision:

"I am not going to steal. Mamka does not allow it."

"And I am afraid to," said Khabi.

Kostrom was possessed by an intense dislike for the little thieves; he pronounced the word "thieves" with peculiar force, and when he saw strange children picking the pockets of tipsy men he drove them away, and if he happened to catch one of them he gave him a good beating. This large-eyed, unhappy-looking boy imagined himself to be grown-up; he walked with a peculiar gait, sideways, just like a porter, and tried to speak in a thick, gruff voice, and was very reserved and self-possessed, like an old man.

Vyakhir believed that to steal was to sin.

But to take planks and poles from Pesk, that was not accounted a sin; none of us were afraid of that, and we so ordered matters as to make it very easy to succeed. Some evening, when it was beginning to grow dark, or by day,

if it was bad weather, Vyakhir and Yaz set out for Pesk, crossing the creek by the wet ice. They went openly, for the purpose of drawing on themselves the attention of the watchmen, while we four crossed over separately without being seen. While the watchmen, suspicious of Yaz and Vyakhir, were occupied in watching them, we betook ourselves to the boathouse, which we had fixed upon beforehand, chose something to carry off, and while our fleet-footed companions were teasing the watchmen, and luring them to pursuit, we made off home. Each one of us had a piece of string with a large nail, bent like a hook, at the end of it, which we fastened in the plank or pole, and thus were able to drag it across the snow and ice. The watchmen hardly ever saw us, and if they did see us they were never able to overtake us.

When we had sold our plunder we divided the gains into six shares, which sometimes came to as much as five or seven kopecks each. On that money it was possible to live very comfortably for a day, but Vyakhir's mother beat him if he did not bring her something for a glass of brandy or a little drop of vodka. Kostrom was saving his money, dreaming of the establishment of a pigeon-hunt. The mother of Tchurka was ill, so he tried to work as much as possible. Khabi also saved his money, with the object of returning to his native town, whence he had been brought by his uncle who had been drowned at Nijni soon after his arrival. Khabi had forgotten what the town was called; all he remembered was that it stood on the Kama, close by the Volga. For some reason we always made fun of this town, and we used to tease the cross-eyed Tartar by singing:

"On the Kama a town there is,
But nobody knows where it is!
Our hands to it will never reach,
Our feet to find it we cannot teach."

At first Khabi used to get angry with us, but one day Vyakhir said to him in his cooing voice, which justified his nickname:

"What is the matter with you? Surely you are not angry with your comrades?"

The Tartar was ashamed of himself, and after that he used to join us in singing about the town on the Kama.

But all the same we preferred picking up rags and bones to stealing planks. The former was particularly interesting in the springtime, when the snow had melted, and after the rain had washed the street pavements clean. There, by the place where the fair was held, we could always pick up plenty of nails and pieces of iron in the gutter, and occasionally we found copper and silver coins; but to propitiate the watchman, so that he would not chase us away or seize our sacks, we had to give him a few kopecks or make profound obeisances to him. But we found it no easy task to get money. Nevertheless, we got on very well together, and though we sometimes disputed a little amongst ourselves, I do not remember that we ever had one serious quarrel.

Our peacemaker was Vyakhir, who always had some simple words ready, exactly suited to the occasion, which astonished us and put us to shame. He uttered them himself in a tone of astonishment. Yaz's spiteful sallies neither offended nor upset him; in his opinion everything bad was unnecessary, and he would reject it calmly and convincingly.

"Well, what is the use of it?" he would ask, and we saw clearly that it was no use. He called his mother "my Morduan," and we did not laugh at him.

"My Morduan rolled home tipsy again last evening," he would tell us gaily, flashing his round, gold-coloured eyes. "She kept the door open, and sat on the step and sang—like a hen."

"What did she sing?" asked Tchurka, who liked to be precise.

Vyakhir, slapping his hands on his knees, reproduced his mother's song in a thin voice:

"Shepherd, tap thy window small,
Whilst we run about the mall;
Tap, tap again, quick bird of night,
With piping music, out of sight,
On the village cast thy spell."

He knew many passionate songs like this, and sang them very well.

"Yes," he continued, "so she went to sleep on the doorstep, and the room got so cold I was shivering from head to foot, and got nearly frozen to death; but she was

too heavy for me to drag her in. I said to her this morning, 'What do you mean by getting so dreadfully drunk?' 'Oh,' she said, 'it is all right. Bear with me a little longer. I shall soon be dead.'

"She will soon be dead," repeated Tchurka, in a serious tone. "She is already dropsical."

"Would you be sorry?" I asked.

"Of course I should," exclaimed Vyakhir, astonished. "She is all right with me, you know."

And all of us, although we knew that the Morduan beat Vyakhir continually, believed that she was "all right," and sometimes even, when we had had a bad day, Tchurka would suggest:

"Let us put our kopecks together to buy Vyakhir's mother some brandy, or she will beat him."

The only ones in our company who could read and write were Tchurka and I. Vyakhir greatly envied us, and would murmur, as he took himself by his pointed, mouse-like ears:

"As soon as my Morduan is buried I shall go to school too. I shall go on my knees to the teacher and beg him to take me, and when I have finished learning I will go as gardener to the Archbishop, or perhaps to the Emperor himself."

In the spring the Morduan, in company with an old man, who was a collector for a church building-fund, and a bottle of vodka, was crushed by the fall of a wood-stack; they took the woman to the hospital, and practical Tchurka said to Vyakhir:

"Come and live with me, and my mother will teach you to read and write."

And in a very short time Vyakhir, holding his head high, could read the inscription: "Grocery Store," only he read "Balakeinia," and Tchurka corrected him:

"Bakaleinia, my good soul."

"I know—but the letters jump about so. They jump because they are pleased that they are being read."

He surprised us all, and made us laugh very much by his love of trees and grass. The soil of the village was sandy and vegetation was scanty—in some of the yards stood a miserable willow tree, or some straggling elder bushes, or a few grey, dry blades of grass hid themselves

timidly under a fence—but if one of us sat on them, Vyakhir would cry angrily:

"Why must you sit on the grass? Why don't you sit on the gravel? It is all the same to you, isn't it?"

In his opinion there was no sense in breaking off branches from the willow, or plucking elder flowers, or cutting weeping willow twigs on the banks of the Oka; he always expressed great surprise when we did this, shrugged his shoulders, and spread out his hands:

"Why on earth do you want to break everything? Look what you have done, you devils!" And before his astonishment we were ashamed.

We had contrived a very merry game for Saturdays, and we were preparing for it all the week by collecting all the troddendown bast shoes we could find and storing them in convenient corners. Then on Saturday evening when the Tartar porters came home from the Siberian ports, we took up a position at the cross-roads and pelted the Tartars with shoes. At first this used to irritate them, and they ran after us, and abused us; but the game soon began to interest them, and knowing what they might expect they appeared on the field of battle also armed with a quantity of bast shoes, and what is more, they found out where we kept our war materials and stole them. We made a complaint about this—"It is not playing the game!" Then they divided the shoes, giving us half, and the fight began. Generally they drew themselves up in an open place, in the middle of the crossroads, and with yells we ran round them, hurling the shoes. They also yelled, and laughed loud enough to deafen anyone when one of us buried his head in the sand, having been thrown down by a shoe adroitly hurled under his feet. This game would be carried on with zest for a long time, sometimes till it was nearly dark; and the inhabitants used to gather round, or watch us from corners, and grumble, which they thought was the right thing to do. The dusty shoes flew about like crows in the damp air; sometimes one of us was hit hard, but the pleasure of the game was greater than pain or injury.

The Tartars were not less keen on it than we were; often when we had finished playing we went with them to an eating-house where they fed us with a special sweet kind of preserve made with fruit, and after supper we

drank thick, brick-coloured tea, with sweetmeats. We liked these people, whose strength matched their great size; there was something about them so childlike and transparent. The points which most struck me about them were their meekness, their unwavering good-nature, and their grave, impressive respect for each other.

They all laughed so heartily that the tears ran down their faces; and one of them, a native of Kassimov, with a broken nose, was a man renowned for his strength. One day he carried, from a barge which was at some distance from the shore, a bell weighing twenty-seven poods, and he roared out laughing as he cried: "Voo! Voo!"

One day he made Vyakhir sit on the palm of his hand, and lifting him on high, he said:

"Look where you are living now, right up in the sky."

In bad weather we used to assemble at Yaz's home, in the burial-ground, where his father's lodge was. This father was an individual with hoisted bones, long arms, and a small head; mud-coloured hair grew on his face. His head looked like a burdock set on his long, thin neck, as on a stalk. He had a delightful way of half closing his yellow eyes and muttering rapidly:

"God give us rest. Ouch!"

We bought three zolotniks of tea, eight portions of sugar, some bread, and, of course, a portion of vodka for Yaz's father, who was sternly ordered about by Tchurka:

"Good for nothing peasant, get the samovar ready."

The peasant laughed and prepared the tin samovar; and while we discussed business as we waited for tea to be ready, he gave us good advice:

"Look here! The day after to-morrow is the month's mind of Trusov, and there will be some feasting going on there. . . There's a place to pick up bones."

"The cook collects all the bones at Trusov's," observed Tchurka, who knew everything.

Vyakhir said dreamily, as he looked out of the window on the graveyard:

"We shall soon be able to go out to the woods."

Yaz was always silent, looking at us all expressively with his sad eyes. In silence he showed us his toys—wooden soldiers which he had found in a rubbish heap, horses without legs, pieces of copper, and buttons.

His father set the table with cups and saucers of various patterns, and brought in the samovar. Kostrom sat down to pour out tea, and he, when he had drunk his vodka, climbed on the stove, and stretching out his long neck, surveyed us with vinous eyes, and muttered:

"Ouch! So you must take your ease, as if you were not little boys at all, eh! Ach! thieves . . . God give us rest!"

Vyakhir said to him:

"We are not thieves at all."

"Well—little thieves then."

If Yaz's father became too tiresome, Tchurka cried angrily:

"Be quiet, you trashy peasant!"

Vyakhir, Tchurka, and I could not bear to hear the man counting up the number of houses which contained people in ill-health, or trying to guess how many of the villagers would die soon; he spoke so calculatingly and pitilessly, and seeing that what he said was objectionable to us, he purposely teased and tormented us:

"Oh, so you are afraid, young masters? Well, well! And before long a certain stout person will die—ekh! And long may he rot in his grave!"

We tried to stop him, but he would not leave off.

"And, you know, you've got to die too; you can't live long in this cesspool!"

"Well," said Vyakhir, "that's all right; and when we die they will make angels of us."

"Yo—u?" exclaimed Yaz's father, catching his breath in amazement. "You? Angels?"

He chuckled, and then began to tease us again by telling us disgusting stories about dead people.

But sometimes this man began to talk in a murmur, lowering his voice strangely:

"Listen, children . . . wait a bit! The day before yesterday they buried a female . . . and I knew her history, children. . . . What do you think the woman was?"

He often spoke about women, and always obscenely; yet there was something appealing and plaintive about his stories—he invited us to share his thoughts, as it were—and we listened to him attentively. He spoke in an ignorant and unintelligent manner, frequently interrupting

his speech by questions; but his stories always left some disturbing splinters or fragments in one's memory.

"They ask her: 'Who set the place on fire?' 'I did!' 'How can that be, foolish woman, when you were not at home that night, but lying ill in the hospital?' 'I set the place on fire.' That's the way she kept on. . . . Why? Ouch! God give us rest."

He knew the life story of nearly every female inhabitant of the place who had been buried by him in that bare, melancholy graveyard, and it seemed as if he were opening the doors of houses, which we entered, and saw how the occupiers lived; and it made us feel serious and important. He would have gone on talking all night till the morning apparently, but as soon as the lodge window grew cloudy, and the twilight closed in upon it, Tchurka rose from the table and said:

"I am going home, or Mamka will be frightened. Who is coming with me?"

We all went away then. Yaz conducted us to the fence, closed the gate after us, and pressing his dark, bony face against the grating, said in a thick voice:

"Good-bye."

We called out "Good-bye" to him too. It was always hard to leave him in the graveyard. Kostrom said one day, looking back:

"We shall come and ask for him one day—and he will be dead."

"Yaz has a worse life than any of us," Tchurka said frequently; but Vyakhir always rejoined:

"We don't have a bad time—any of us!"

And when I look back I see that we did not have a bad time. That independent life so full of contrasts was very attractive to me, and so were my comrades, who inspired me with a desire to be always doing them a good turn.

My life at school had again become hard; the pupils nicknamed me "The Ragman" and "The Tramp," and one day, after a quarrel, they told the teacher that I smelt like a drain and that they could not sit beside me. I remember how deeply this accusation cut me, and how hard it was for me to go to school after it. The complaint had been made up out of malice. I washed very thoroughly

every morning, and I never went to school in the clothes I wore when I was collecting rags.

However, in the end I passed the examination for the third class, and received as prizes bound copies of the Gospels and the "Fables of Krilov," and another book unbound which bore the unintelligible title of "Fata-Morgana"; they also gave me some sort of laudatory certificates. When I took my present home, grandfather was delighted, and announced his intention of taking the books away from me and locking them up in his box. But grandmother had been lying ill for several days, penniless, and grandfather continually sighed and squeaked out:

"You will eat me out of house and home. Ugh! *You!*" so I took the books to a little shop, where I sold them for fifty-five kopecks, and gave the money to grandmother; as to the certificates, I spoiled them by scribbling over them, and then handed them to grandfather, who took them without turning them over, and so put them away, without noticing the mischief I had done, but I paid for it later on.

As school had broken up I began to live in the streets once more, and I found it better than ever. It was in the middle of spring, and money was earned easily; on Sundays the whole company of us went out into the fields, or into the woods where the foliage was fresh and young, early in the morning, and did not return till late in the evening, pleasantly tired, and drawn together closer than ever.

But this form of existence did not last long. My stepfather, dismissed for getting into debt, had disappeared again, and mother came back to grandfather, with my little brother Nikolai, and I had to be nurse, for grandmother had gone to live at the house of a rich merchant in the town, where she worked at stitching shrouds.

Mother was so weak and anæmic that she could hardly walk, and she had a terrible expression in her eyes as she looked about her. My brother was scrofulous, and covered with painful ulcers, and so weak that he could not even cry aloud and only whimpered when he was hungry. When he had been fed he slumbered, breathing with a strange sound like the soft mewing of a kitten.

Observing him attentively, grandfather said:

"He ought to have plenty of good food; but I have not got enough to feed you all."

Mother, sitting on the bed in the corner, sighed, and said in a hoarse voice:

"He does not want much."

"A little for one and a little for another soon mounts up."

He waved his hand as he turned to me:

"Nikolai must be kept out in the sun—in some sand."

I dragged out a sack of clean sand, turned it out in a heap in a place where the sun was full on it, and buried my brother in it up to his neck, as grandfather told me. The little boy loved sitting in the sand; he cooed sweetly, and flashed his bright eyes upon me—extraordinary eyes they were, without whites, just blue pupils surrounded by brilliant rings.

I became attached to my little brother at once. It seemed to me that he understood all my thoughts as I lay beside him on the sand under the window, whence the sound of grandfather's shrill voice proceeded:

"If he dies—and he won't have much difficulty about it—you will have a chance to live."

Mother answered by a long fit of coughing.

Getting his hands free, the little boy held them out to me, shaking his small white head; he had very little hair, and what there was was almost grey, and his tiny face had an old and wise expression. If a hen or a cat came near us Kolai would gaze at it for a long time, then he would look at me and smile almost significantly. That smile of his disturbed me. Was it possible that he felt that I found it dull being with him, and was longing to run out to the street and leave him there?

The yard was small, close, and dirty; from the gate were built a succession of sheds and cellars ending at the washhouse. All the roofs were made of pieces of old boats—logs, boards, and damp bits of wood which had been secured by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood when the ice was breaking on the Oka, or at flood-time—and the whole yard was an unsightly conglomeration of heaps of wood of all sorts, which, being saturated with water, sweated in the sun and emitted an intensified odour of rottenness.

Next door there was a slaughter-house for the smaller kind of cattle, and almost every morning could be heard the bellowing of calves and the bleating of sheep, and the smell of blood became so strong sometimes that it seemed to me that it hovered in the air in the shape of a transparent, purple net. When the animals bellowed as the butt-end of the axe struck them between the horns, Kolai would blink and blow out his lips, as if he wanted to imitate the sound; but all he could do was to breathe:

"Phoo . . ."

At midday grandfather, putting his head out of the window, would call:

"Dinner!"

He used to feed the child himself, holding him on his knees, pressing potatoes and bread into Kolai's mouth, and smearing them all over his thin lips and pointed chin. When he had given him a little food grandfather would lift up the little boy's shirt, poke his swollen stomach with his fingers, and debate with himself aloud:

"Will that do? Or must I give him some more?"

Then my mother's voice would be heard, proceeding from her dark corner:

"Look at him! He is reaching for the bread."

"Stupid child! How can he possibly know how much he ought to eat?" And again he gave Kolai something to chew. I used to feel ashamed when I looked on at this feeding business: a lump seemed to rise in my throat and make me feel sick.

"That will do," grandfather would say, at length. "Take him to his mother."

I took Kolai; he wailed and stretched his hands out to the table. Mother, raising herself with difficulty, came to meet me, holding out her hideously dry, fleshless arms, so long and thin—just like branches broken off a Christmas-tree. She had become almost dumb, hardly ever uttering a word in that passionate voice of hers, but lying in silence all day long in her corner—slowly dying. That she was dying I felt, I knew—yes. And grandfather spoke too often, in his tedious way, of death, especially in the evening, when it grew dark in the yard, and a smell of rottenness, warm and woolly, like a sheep's fleece, crept in at the window.

Grandfather's window stood in the front corner, almost under the image, and he used to lie there with his head towards it and the window, and mutter for a long time in the darkness:

"Well—the time has come for us to die. How shall we stand before our God? What shall we say to Him? All our life we have been struggling. What have we done? And with what object have we done it?"

I slept on the floor between the stove and the window; I had not enough room, so I had to put my feet in the oven, and the cockroaches used to tickle them. This corner afforded me not a little malicious enjoyment, for grandfather was continually breaking the window with the end of the oven-rake, or the poker, during his cooking operations; and it was very comical to see, and very strange, I thought, that anyone so clever as grandfather should not think of cutting down the rake.

One day when there was something boiling in a pot on the fire he was in a hurry, and he used the rake so carelessly that he broke the window-frame, two panes of glass, and upset the saucepan on the hearth and broke it. The old man was in such a rage that he sat on the floor and cried.

"Oh Lord! Oh Lord!"

That day, when he had gone out, I took a bread knife and cut the oven-rake down to a quarter or a third of its size; but when grandfather saw what I had done, he scolded me:

"Cursed devil! It ought to have been sawn through with a saw. We might have made rolling-pins out of the end, and sold them, you devil's spawn!"

Throwing his arms about wildly, he ran out of the door, and mother said:

"You ought not to have meddled . . ."

She died one Sunday in August about midday. My stepfather had only just returned from his travels, and had obtained a post somewhere. Grandmother had taken Kolai to him—to a newly done-up flat near the station, and mother was to be carried there in a few days.

In the morning of the day of her death she said to me in a low but a lighter and clearer voice than I had heard from her lately:

"Go to Eugen Vassilev, and ask him to come to me."

Lifting herself up in bed by pressing her hands against the wall, she added:

"Run—quickly!"

I thought she was smiling, and that there was a new light in her eyes.

My stepfather was at Mass, and grandmother sent me to get some snuff for her; there was no prepared snuff at hand, so I had to wait while the shopkeeper got it, then I took it back to grandmother. When I returned to grandfather's, mother was sitting at the table dressed in a clean, lilac-coloured frock, with her hair prettily dressed, and looking as splendid as she used to look.

"You are feeling better?" I asked, with a feeling of inexplicable fear.

Looking at me fixedly, she said:

"Come here! Where have you been? Eh?"

Before I had time to reply, she seized me by the hair, and grasping in her other hand a long, flexible knife, made out of a saw, she flourished it several times and struck me with the flat of it. It slipped from her hands to the floor.

"Pick it up and give it to me. . . ."

I picked up the knife and threw it on the table, and mother pushed me away from her. I sat on the ledge of the stove and watched her movements in a state of terror.

Rising from the chair she slowly made her way towards her own corner, lay down on the bed, and wiped her perspiring face with a handkerchief. Her hands moved uncertainly; twice she missed her face and touched the pillow instead.

"Give me some water. . . ."

I scooped some water out of a pail with a cup, and lifting her head with difficulty, she drank a little. Then she pushed my hand away with her cold hand, and drew a deep breath. Then after looking at the corner where the icon was, she turned her eyes on me, moved her lips as if she were smiling, and slowly let her long lashes droop over her eyes. Her elbows were pressed closely against her sides, and her hands, on which the fingers were weakly twitching, crept about her chest, moving towards her throat. A shadow fell upon her face, invading every part of it, staining the skin yellow, sharpening the nose. Her mouth was

open as if she were amazed at something, but her breathing was not audible. I stood, for how long I do not know, by my mother's bedside, with the cup in my hand, watching her face grow frozen and grey.

When grandfather came in I said to him:

"Mother is dead."

He glanced at the bed.

"Why are you telling lies?"

He went to the stove and took out the pie, rattling the dampers deafeningly.

I looked at him, knowing that mother was dead, and waiting for him to find it out.

My stepfather came in dressed in a sailor's pea-jacket, with a white cap. He noiselessly picked up a chair and took it over to mother's bed, when suddenly he let it fall with a crash to the floor and cried in a loud voice, like a trumpet:

"Yes—she is dead! Look!"

Grandfather, with wide-open eyes, softly moved away from the stove with the damper in his hand, stumbling like a blind man.

. . . . . .

A few days after my mother's funeral, grandfather said to me:

"Now, Lexei—you must not hang round my neck. There is no room for you here. You will have to go out into the world."

And so I went out into the world.

THE END

The Ancient History of Mr. Huggins, B.C.

By T. N. Shane

"RUM-LOOKING lot, Mister."

I turned from my note-book to the commonplace little man by my side. He gazed back at me with an appearance of dull expectancy, and seeing that I was still uncertain and abstracted, spoke again, with a slight gesture of his head towards the sculptures mounted on the wall.

"Rum team, eh?" he said, listlessly.

I made such a response as seemed best suited both to the occasion and to the purpose of opposing his advances with a civil rebuff. Indeed, it was some time before he spoke again, but the consciousness that I had of his persisting by me as of set design was sufficiently harassing, and his next utterance came almost as a relief.

"'Scuse me, Mister," he said, with a colourless infusion of diffidence diluting his apathetic manner. "I'm on'y arskin'. P'r'aps you can read those writings?"

"Yes," I said, more cordially. "At least I can, with some difficulty, arrive at a fairly approximate rendering of the inscriptions in this particular style."

"Ho!" he said, eying me with a sort of inert hostility. He prolonged the gaze into a stare, and then, turning to the wall again, lapsed into his former blank torpidity.

"W'a's that?" he asked presently, lifting a stumpy finger to indicate a rough impression on a brick.

I adjusted my pince-nez, and considered the short inscription with some attention.

"Merely the name and titles of Shalmaneser the Second," I said, when I was assured of the context.

"Har," he said dully. "I see that underneath."

"The transliteration," I added stiffly, "runs as follows:—'Shulmanu-asharidu sharru rabu sharru dannu shar kissati shar Assur-ma.'"

There was a short and futile pause.

"Ho!" he said at last, but with less expression than before.

There was another and a longer silence. His curiosity, for all the apathy that overlay it, seemed to me to be characterised by an innate obduracy and intentness that discriminated it from the aimless avidity of the multitude, and I could not help taking some notice of his appearance. But his physical attributes afforded no clue to the nature of any differentiation that might exist as the corollary of his mental competency: the tuberous person, flaccid features, and scanty moustache that inspired my outstanding impressions, served only to refer him to a species which would appear to owe its origin to the intervention of something desultory in the process of evolution. I except his clothes, which suggested a blue serge personality, to whom his own was obviously a complete stranger.

He was either unaware of or indifferent to my scrutiny, for there was no evidence of any discomfort in his manner when at last he turned again to me.

"'Oo's that bloke?" he said, referring me to one of the more prominent of the chiselled figures with a dreary motion of his head. "'Im in the armchair?"

"Sennacherib," I answered, and observing his mute reference to the explanatory tablet affixed beneath, added shortly, "'Sin-akhê-erba,' since you seem to prefer the native syllables."

For an instant the dull lethargy of his expression was suspended: the change was as remarkable as would have been an entire transmutation of his lineaments, and I found myself staring at him with an intentness that was quite involuntary.

"Sin-akhê-erba," he muttered, laboriously following my articulation. "Sin-akhê . . . akhê-erba . . . Ho!"

The alien lustre faded slowly from his eyes, and his heavy murmur ceased. He cast a desolate look around, and turning again to the wall, said:

"W'a's 'e up to there, Mister?"

I translated the curt inscription appended to the great king's memorial, and expanded the recital with a few historical particulars culled from independent sources. The effect of my discourse was not much assisted by the

exercise of a special vigilance on the part of a languidly suspicious policeman, who strolled from the entrance to take up a highly official position a little to my rear; nor by the dreary and unreceptive demeanour of my auditor. The latter, indeed, contrived to insinuate a tacit disparagement that was the potential equivalent of overt contempt, and to the stultifying influence of which I eventually succumbed. When at last I made an end he said "Ho!" once or twice, and lowered aimlessly at the wall.

Small occasions are sometimes less amenable than emergencies, and I discovered an immense gulf of diffidence in the way of achieving a merely ordinary departure. The policeman, apparently combating the effects of similarly adverse phenomena, though with some advantages in the way of circumstance, yawned heavily, and executed a surreptitious manœuvre with his feet.

Suddenly the little man turned, and looked past me towards the exit.

"Ho!" he said again, and without further address or recognition of anything but his own impulse, he drifted by me and out of the gallery.

"About as near balmy as you can have 'em," said the policeman, speaking in a careful but easy undertone.

I felt that something might be conceded to this view, and intimated as much to the policeman, who was temporarily at the mercy of a prodigious yawn.

"Yeh," he said, when he had brought his more perverse tendencies under efficient control. "Spends half his time staring at Moses and the rest of 'em."

"Perhaps he—er—takes an interest in them," I suggested vaguely.

"Ah," said the policeman, evidently tiring of the discussion. "Family portraits, p'r'aps. He looks like a retired pawnbroker."

I acquiesced in this distinguished opinion with a perfunctory laugh, and left the building, supposing the incident to have come to a termination as far as the policeman, the little man, and myself were concerned.

One evening, late in the week that followed this rencounter, I was enjoying a pipe and a book of ancient merit, when Mr. Huggins was announced.

"Huggins?" I said blankly, without any real attempt

to arrive at a conclusion that was certain to baffle me. "What sort of person?"

"He said that I was to say he hoped you would kindly see him as it was about—about Sennacherib," said the maid, the glibness of whose repetition—which suggested much rehearsal—was somewhat marred by symptoms of hesitancy.

"You had better show Mr. Huggins in here," I said, secretly a good deal intrigued, and reserving the rights of circumspection for my mental attitude.

Mr. Huggins was accordingly shown into the study, which he entered with a forlorn air of conforming to the predispositions of a misplaced destiny: if he had any lesser misgivings the embarrassment that they caused him was so purely mechanical as to evade characterisation.

"'Ope I'm not a noosance, Mister," he said as soon as he came within convenient range. "It's a liberty, I s'pose—I follered you 'ome the other night, but I never come in then."

He took the chair opposite mine, receiving my assurances with very little derangement of his outward impassibility.

"'Scuse me arskin'," he said, when these conventional preliminaries had been disposed of. "Is that book anythink about 'im—Sennacherib?"

"Not even remotely," I answered, laying the book down on a table near by. "You appear to take an especial interest in that monarch, Mr. Huggins."

"Ar," he said, with an absolute disregard of my independent comments that was obviously correlated to the influence of some main obsession. "You needn't turn no more lights on, Mister. 'Less you want 'em," he added perfunctorily.

"Not I," I said, smiling. "No doubt we have as much light as we are likely to require. By the way, will you have anything?—a whisky?—a cigar?"

"I don't smoke," he said apathetically. "I don't mind a whisky, though."

During the interim that followed he sat staring vacantly at the books along the opposite wall, conceding emotionless monosyllables in reply to the conversation that I

judged it expedient to attempt, and only rousing himself when the whisky and soda had been put by his side.

"Good 'ealth," he said, raising his eyes to mine for a fraction of a second as he took up the glass. He drank slowly, and replacing the glass, said deliberately:

"I don't suppose I drink a whisky as orften as once a week, take one year with another."

It was difficult to design a phrase sufficiently apt to the purpose of acknowledging this information, and while I hesitated he went on:

"I on'y mention it because another bloke I spoke to—you wasn't the first, Mister—seemed to think I was a cross between a liar and a lunatic, and you might think—well, somethink in that line, if you didn't know."

I believe I said "Not at all," after which there was a pause of unmanageable dimensions, from my point of view.

"Mind you," he said at last, with some difficulty, "it's a rum business. I don't know but what you'll think the same as 'im, now, when I've done. On'y I 'ad a fancy that you knew more about it."

"About?——" I began.

"Them writin's," he said, with a slight jerk of his head importing a vague topographical reference. "I thought 'e seemed a likely customer. 'E 'ad glarses on an' a way o' poking round. I just said a word to 'im—same as I did to you—and 'e started orf full speed. So I thought I'd charnce it. . . . Lord! 'e was orf it altogether. . . . I stopped it an' come away."

The intention of our intercourse was so essentially tributary to himself that I could discern no useful purpose in interpellation, and was content to rely upon an ultimate discovery of his purpose.

"Mister," he said presently, looking as nearly straight at me as I think he was capable of doing with any effect of recognition, "I take it you know a good deal about—about that writin', and so forth."

"The answer to that depends upon the standard by which a comparison is made," I answered, dubiously. "I should not care to risk an assertion on my own behalf."

"Dessay you know enough for me," he said. "I bought a book about it the other day—picked it up second 'and, quite by charnce, as you might say. Lord! I might as

well 'a' bought a pickaxe, an' that's a fact. It was ebsolutely no use to me at all."

"What use did you expect it to be?" I asked, with some hesitation.

His eyes darkened with a tinge of diffidence, and he looked down suddenly at his boots.

"Har!" he said in a low voice. "That's what I mean. . . . It's a rum business."

He sat ruminating for some seconds, with his lax mouth showing a very little awry beneath his sparse moustache.

"Look 'ere, Mister," he said suddenly, looking up in a thinly resolute manner. "It'll be a deal better if I tell you the 'ole thing straight orf the reel. . . . You don't mind if I set in the shadow a bit."

He shifted his chair, and braced himself up into a limply counterfeited attitude of comparative alertness.

"I needn't say much about meself in the first place," he began, his disc-like and opaque eyes wandering desolately from me to a dim corner of the room. "You know my name—'Uggins. I'm pract'lly retired now—I ain't a Londoner by birth, and I made all the money I want. Me an' the missus live Putney way now. It ain't a neighbour'ood I'm reelly partial to, but we've a daughter married there, and I dessay it suits me as well as anywhere else. 'Course, it's all right for me, in a way: nothink to do, an' safe money comin' in reg'lar, but odd times—well, there was nothink to do. That's reelly 'ow it was I got to looking round picture galleries an' mooseums and so forth. I orfen useter wonder, w'en I was in business, what these places—mooseums and wotnot—were for, but I can tell you, Mister, I found 'em pretty 'andy odd times since, an' no mistake. Any'ow, I fairly 'aunted some of 'em. Tate Gallery, for one. . . ."

He came to a vacuous pause, until his eyes encountered mine.

"Well," he resumed, averting his gaze quickly, but without confusion, "I was orfen round these places, an' so I got to the British Mooseum. It was the Tube what put me up to it, reelly. 'Course, I'd 'eard of it before, in a way. First time I went there was a fair crowd 'unting round, an' I didn't get very far. Not long arfter I went

agen. The blooming place wasn't far orf empty this time, and I wandered about without seeing 'ardly anybody but the pleece and the—the keepers, till I come to the—where I see you."

"Assyrian saloon," I prompted.

"Har," he said, with something of the mistrust that he had manifested in our previous encounter. "Dessay it would be. So I got looking round and I come to—to—Sennacherib, there."

He looked round covertly as he spoke, and shifted a little in his chair. His listlessness had almost completely left him, revealing a secreted intensity to which it seemed his speech and mien were the merest accessories.

"Sennacherib," he repeated, bringing his eyes to bear on mine. "I looked at 'im—taking very little notice though, mind you—an' I was just moving on when there was a—a sort o' . . . flash. . . .

"A flash . . ." he said dully, brought unawares to the brink of a tremendous abyss of ineptitude. "Like a click, on'y it never made no noise. . . ."

Presently he leaned forward, and taking the glass from beside him, slowly drank the remainder of his whisky and soda. As slowly he replaced the glass, without relaxing the passive rigidity of his posture.

"I was just coming to meself," he said, a little hoarsely. "You know 'ow you are when you've bin 'arf-dreaming—absent-minded—a sort of don't 'ardly know where you are or 'oo you are feeling for a minute or two, an' then in a second everythink settles down, an' you slip back into your right mind. Well, that's 'ow I was. First thing I 'eard was someone talkin' a long way orf, and a whisper close by me right ear. If I tried to tell you much more about it I couldn't, for next minute I was as wide awake as I am now, an' except for feeling a bit fidgety, pretty much as comfortable."

I wondered what meaning he supposed to attach to this last word, but I made no comment, and he continued:

"We stood in a great dark building, with pillers all round, as far as I could see, and a tremenjous roof over-'ead. . . . I couldn't reelly see the roof, and I don't s'pose I ever looked up, but I could tell it was there. There wasn't on'y one light, an' that 'ung from three chains right

at the far end. It was just a flat dish with a yellerish flame flickering over the edges, and the shadows were 'overing all over the place: made you feel just as if someone kep' creepin' up an' reaching over your shoulder. Three or four people stood just over the edge of the light, as you might say, and some'ow they seemed no end of a way orf. One of 'em was talking the 'ole time: not loud, but so that it went muttering all round. We stood near the other end, against a thundering great piller, but we could 'ear the echoes come mumblin' all round the back, as if someone was 'idden there . . . it was plenty dark enough. An' every now an' then this blessed whispering just be'ind. . . . Some'ow that got on me nerves more'n anythink, though I knew it was on'y some o' the men.

"I was an orficer," he said, after a sombre pause. "We were a picked lot, specially told orf to look arfter the king, an' we weren't 'arf got up for it, neither. Gold shoes, gold tassels on our clo'es, an' our 'air all curled up wi' gold wire. . . . Lummy! we were smothered with gold!

"Lord!" he muttered, abstractedly. "I 'ad a beard! . . . I stood six foot three! . . .

"Funny thing," he said, staring forlornly in my direction, "I never thought of it till now. I was eb-so-lute-ly . . . DIFF'rent. But it was me all right. . . . I could remember 'oo I was. . . ."

His eyes roved the farther limits of the room in which we sat, as if he sought an inspiration from without.

"Don't suppose I could reelly put it to you," he said hopelessly. "Any'ow, there I was, leaning on me spear an' waiting for the king to finish 'is job. The bloke 'oo was in charge of it all was taking 'is time: 'e was a priest, an' a darkish-looking 'orse I thought, as far as I could see, w'en the light swung on 'im. 'E kep' throwing 'is 'ands up, an' taking the king's 'and, an' letting go agen—no end of a performance—an' all the time 'umming and drumming away round a little stone table. The king was an old man, an' once 'e turned an' looked down at us as if 'e'd 'ad about enough of it. 'Owever, 'e turned round agen, an' they all went on with the business: the others useter join in odd times."

He stopped and furtively licked his lips.

"S'pose I shall git to it presently," he said, with an accentuated tautness of utterance. "Fact is, like all these —these 'appenings, you don't notice 'arf wot you would if you'd expected 'em. All I know is one minute we stood 'arf dozing in the shadow, and the next—pantomime (I fancy he meant 'pandemonium,' but the mishap was probably not more than verbal).

"There was a bustle at the far end (he continued) and a noise like quick footsteps, and then a most desperate yell, 'arf a scream an' 'arf a curse. . . . Gawd! it lifted me up to the roof, pretty well. There stood the priest, 'olding both the king's 'ands up as 'igh as 'e could force 'em, and 'arf-a-dozen savage-looking beggars scuffling with knives. . . . The 'ole thing went with a rush: I just 'ad time to get a grip of me spear, an' next moment someone landed me in the back. I turned 'eavy all over, an' went down like a stone . . . the king was falling, too. . . ."

He stopped suddenly.

"I could tell 'e was done in," he said at last, in a low voice. "'Is 'ead was 'arf turned to me. . . . Someone was shoutin'. . . ."

"Yes," I said hesitantly, for he had fallen straightway into a dull reverie.

"Yeh," he said mechanically. "Lord! 'e seemed to be falling for ever. . . ."

"Then you woke up," I said, with something of an effort, and an immediate access of self-reproach.

His eyes encountered mine with an odd sort of impersonal resentment.

"Then I come 'ome," he said haggardly. "There wasn't no waking up, Mister. Just that—that flash, and a kinder feeling as if I was a size too big for meself. The 'ole thing didn't take more'n two or three seconds. It took me a bit longer to remember it arfterwards, though. First orf I never knew nothink about it, an' the very next day I was tryin' to get a match outer box wot was packed too tight, an' I remembered wot it was."

I accepted this in silence. The uncomfortable notion that I was proving a considerable disappointment to him served to preoccupy me for some minutes.

"Have you ever experienced any recurrence of this—

er—phenomenon?" I asked at last, unable to devise better than this barren expedient.

"It never 'appened but once," he answered sombrely. "If that's what you mean.

"'Course," he said presently, moving his lustreless eyes towards the floor, "I don't understand it, in a way, but it seems to me as if time went orf the lines, some'ow—skidded, you might say. . . .

"Like this," he said, looking up with a slow flush. "Ordinary way, you'd imagine time like a—a straight road, generally speakin'. My notion—I 'aven't 'ardly got 'old of it yet, but p'raps that'll come—my notion is that it's a lot o' circles inside one another like a target."

"Concentric," I said, more to myself than to him.

"Har," he said, with a momentary flicker of suspicion in his glance. "If that's 'ow you call it. Well, it's simply a matter o' running round the circles, an' then . . . death . . . you git onter another circle."

It was not an easy task to adapt objections according to my estimate of his intellectual capacity.

"Then each time," I said carefully, "you live a shorter life."

"On'y a little bit shorter," he said instantly. "These circles are close *to* one 'nother. Don't you forget, Mister, time ain't got no width. . . . Then arter so many—well, lives, you git to nothink."

"Of course," I said, considerably at a loss with respect to my mental bearings. "There is rather a gap between 700 B.C. and 1900 A.D."

His eyes were faintly translucent with the presentment of a haggard smile.

"That's nothink to do with me, Mister," he said. "If I was to go from 'ere to Kensington 'Igh Street, it wouldn't matter to me what places I passed between. I might go to sleep all the way, an' never know they were there."

I thought it best to leave Mr. Huggins' ideas to take care of themselves. The latent but unremitting incredulity to which I was a prey placed me at an initial disadvantage: though I could not disbelieve in the integrity of his convictions themselves, I found it equally impossible to yield credence to the experience on which they were founded. Under these circumstances, it behoved me, I thought, to

dissemble, in which subtle practice I was a good deal furthered by the abstraction of Mr. Huggins, who seemed to expect very little of me beyond a tacit show of conventional acquiescence.

"Har," he said at length, lifting himself from his seat. "It might 'a' bin pretty awkward for me, I know that. . . . No, thanks, Mister, one's plenty, thanks. I shall atter be going."

"'Ope I 'aven't bin a noosance," he said indifferently, as he drifted towards the opened door. "Thought I'd look in an' mention it. Goo'-night, Mister."

Up to the present I have seen no more of Mr. Huggins, and I am not quite sure what degree of relevance can be assigned to the subsidiary information here appended, which I owe, by the way, to the policeman. That responsible person was so full of his theme as to volunteer a statement on his own account, probably having adjudicated my claims on his consideration beforehand.

"Nice game here yesterday," he said, coming casually up to me as I stood before a new exhibit. I feigned a decent inquisitiveness, and he continued:

"Remember that little fat chap with the cod's eyes?"

"Yes," I said, with more regard to the aptness of the description than its justice.

"He came in here yesterday," said the policeman, enjoying the narration immensely on his own account, and a little in anticipation on mine. "Saw an old chap poking round, got into conversation with him, and after a bit he said, as offhanded as you please, 'S'pose you can't remember any of these blokes, Mister?'"

The policeman stopped, and took his emotion into custody in a self-contained way that was not without its impressive aspect.

"Thought I should have died!" he said, intensifying the effect of the hyperbole with a secret but active chuckle. "Soon as the old chap grasped what he was driving at, of course, he had to laugh too. 'Come, I'm not as old as *that*,' he said. 'I'm not more than two thousand at the most.' Lord! I really thought I should have split!"

"——*commissa tacere qui nequit*——" I laughed as heartily as the policeman, and perhaps with no more effectual checks of conscience.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Press and the Government of the Day

By Sir H. H. Johnston

It must be obvious to any impartial student of the history of the last hundred years that the government of the country (under the Sovereign*) has been gradually passing out of the hands of the House of Commons and the Senate into the keeping of the public Press, of the writers. This process naturally has marched with the growth of education. Before the masses were able to read, at first through the Church and the National Schools, and since the 'seventies through the Board and Council Schools, they were naturally not easily swayed by the printed message. But even before then the middle and the upper classes were influenced in this way through lampoons, through fly-sheets, and through the great reviews, the oldest of which are, if I mistake not, about to celebrate their centenary.

Every great movement of reform and development was initiated in the Press—Catholic emancipation, the suppression of the slave trade, the abolition of slavery, parliamentary reform and the extension of the suffrage, the first Divorce Bill, free trade and the reform of the navigation laws, the measures for the protection of British industries, were thus first placed before public consideration. The policy of the corn laws was largely brought to a head and outlined in the Press before it became a Government

* Queen Victoria, King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and the present monarch have fully recognised the important and responsible *rôle* of the public Press. We learn from recent biographical works that Queen Victoria was with difficulty dissuaded from writing to the *Times*, and even that one of her letters did receive publication.

measure. The conflict concerning the Irish Church establishment began in the Press long before it was stilled by Gladstone's Government. So also Home Rule and Anti-Home Rule in Ireland, Women's rights and wrongs, almost every reform which was to be settled or unsettled by legislation, passed through its initial stages of discussion in the Press. Perhaps the only subjects abstracted down to quite recent times from Press discussion were those of foreign and colonial affairs. Prior to the time of Lord Salisbury's advent to power as Foreign Secretary the Press did not, as a rule, receive much information or guidance from statesmen regarding our foreign relations; and the developments in our Colonial and Indian policy were too frequetnly perfected in the Cabinet and then suddenly sprung on the nation. Yet as far back as the very middle of the nineteenth century a Prime Minister or a Foreign Minister would give information of importance to the *Times* in connection with foreign affairs, would perhaps write a leading article himself on our relations with such and such a Power; and by 1850 it had become pretty well recognised abroad that a leader in the *Times* on foreign affairs meant business, represented the thoughts in the mind of the Minister in charge of the Foreign Department, who occasionally, but very rarely, acted in advance of Cabinet opinion. It was the publicity given through the Press to Gladstone's letters on Neapolitan political prisoners that brought about the downfall of that Bourbon Government and the unification of Italy. It was a Press agitation, also fomented by Gladstone, that checked Beaconsfield's policy in regard to the regeneration of Turkey. Since 1832, at any rate, if not farther back, no Government has been strong enough to carry a measure or to persist in legislation which was condemned by a majority or even a powerful minority of Press organs.

And yet down to the present day we read in the Press itself cheap gibes at Press action and a continuance of the myth that persons who have been fortunate enough to be elected to Parliament, and thus to become "statesmen" or minor or major Government officials, are in some way far better placed to form judgments as to policy and matters of administration than journalists. Of the two or three classes of men, however, the journalist has probably had

the better education, not necessarily at a great public school or an old-fashioned university, but in some more practical fashion and in the best of all universities, the world—the world of some great manufacturing city, the world of London, or the wider world which we distinguish with the adjectives Old and New. Mr. X., who has served some newspaper on an ambassador's salary at Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Paris, or Petrograd, and who, unlike his country's ambassador in those capitals, has mixed with all classes of men and women, has become intimately acquainted with the country as well as the town, is thought not so well able to form a judgment on our foreign policy as some fortunate Parliamentarian who through great wealth, or a loud, audible voice, or a clever comedian's manner, or the forensic and ofttimes unreal arguments of the lawyer, has got into the House of Commons. Such a man may not have travelled to anything like the same extent as the journalist; he may not be so well educated even in the orthodox schools; he may have only his own axe to grind, or the axes of a powerful clique in his constituency; but from the mere fact of getting into Parliament, getting into the Cabinet or into the outer courts of the Cabinet, he is thought at once to be possessed of far greater knowledge than the journalist of Fleet Street, of Manchester, of Edinburgh, of Belfast; and if the journalist criticises our foreign or our colonial policy, his criticism is put down to ill-nature or ignorance.

The intelligence departments of our great newspapers learn many a fact twenty-four hours, thirty-six hours, forty-eight hours before it has come to the knowledge of the Premier or of the Secretary of State for some great department. Journalism, closely associated as it is with the finance and commerce of the nation, cannot afford to lose a minute, still less an hour or a day; whereas Government Departments still work on much more leisurely lines than would be permitted in some great house of business. Why otherwise do Ministers of State so eagerly read the newspapers to get the news, to find out perhaps for the first time what their colleagues are doing or saying, and what is happening all over the world? I remember once going down to Hatfield to stay, and by chance travelling in the same train as my host, and seeing him at Finsbury Park

calling for a newspaper. Afterwards, when occasion permitted, I asked Lord Salisbury why he ever bothered to look at newspapers except to gauge public opinion, and he said, with the customary twinkle in his eye, "I look in them for news, which I very seldom get in despatches."

The late Lord Salisbury had a great belief in the power of the Press and in that power being wisely used in the government of the country. I do not know whether in his published utterances he has said it in so many words, but in his private conversations he has certainly conveyed the idea that it was better that all great measures, all great developments of policy at home and abroad, should be debated—should be "aired" I think was his expression—in the Press before they were discussed in the House of Commons or in the House of Lords, and before they were given effect to in an authoritative manner by the Government of the day. I remember as one interesting illustration of this that when circumstances in 1888 were obliging his Administration to outline an African policy, he suggested to me at Hatfield (after an informal conference had taken place between himself, a geographer, and one or two diplomatists, a conference in which I was allowed to take a part) the outlines of an article on the development of British interests in Africa, which appeared in the *Times* of August 22nd, 1888—an article interesting to look back on—given its date and considering the very marked fulfilment which has taken place of the schemes it suggested.

Statesmen or employés of the State who thus sound public opinion through the Press take, of course, a serious responsibility on their shoulders. Liberal as our views might be in regard to the importance of Press discussions, we should certainly hold that no Government employé is entitled to make known his views in that way, except with the authorisation of his official superiors, who, of course, must take on themselves responsibility for what he might put into print. A disciplined Administration would otherwise be impossible, just as discipline in the Army would suffer if subordinate officers publicly criticised their leader's generalship or policy. The official who desires to put his views before the public, to make, in fact, an appeal to the public against the judgment of his official hierarchy, must first of all resign his appointment. But human nature is

often stronger than moral maxims. Many a private soldier, when our Army became developed as a great Imperial instrument, had no recourse in calling attention to the gross plunder of the canteen sergeant or the preposterous injustice of his commanding officer than to write—very likely anonymously—to *Truth*. *Truth* ventilated the grievance, it thus came under the notice of some not too hide-bound Member of Parliament, and if not individually, at any rate generally, it was redressed. The fact that the soldiers and sailors of the last fifty years have had the Press as an outlet for the airing of grievances has gone far to make mutinies impossible. Suppress this safety valve, and the mutinies of a hundred years ago would quickly be fomented. An injured person nowadays does not lie in wait to shoot or stab a Secretary of State. He writes to the newspapers instead. The editor of any paper that carries weight looks most carefully into the matter before he publishes the letter, and rarely makes a mistake. If perchance he does blunder, he tenders an apology; and the department or the highly-placed official who is aimed at with the pen in preference to the pistol has a chance of exposing the falsity or the baselessness of the grievance, and the grievance-monger becomes socially extinct.

Even Cabinet Ministers are human, and revolt against oaths of secrecy and conventions when they see colleagues bent upon some dangerous policy or obstinate against the necessity for new action. They are therefore indiscreet in their conversation in the hearing of some great journalist, or they suggest indiscretions to permanent officials (promising, of course, to cover them with their own shield if investigation is necessary). Thus a copy of a confidential report which theoretically should not come under the eyes of anyone outside the Cabinet accidentally finds its way into the despatch-box of the editor of the *Times*, or of the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Morning Post* or the *Daily News*, and is published. The Minister sits impassive on the Treasury bench whilst everyone is expressing wonderment and dismay as to how this important news—we will say a real and vivid report on the conditions of Chinese labour in South Africa—has found its way into the public Press. But in the usual manner inquiries are snubbed or fobbed off and questioning dies down. The

public has been informed, and the Minister who is pursuing an unwise policy (in the opinion of one or of several of his colleagues) is checked.

We shall not know probably for years to come the real history of the great munitions question, whether the War Office was or was not to blame, whether Mr. A.'s or Mr. B.'s optimism had reasonable foundation or was due to incuriousness and a desire for restful week-ends and unmarred evenings at the play. But the man or woman would be a fool, a self-blinded fool, who would deny that Press agitation concerning our equipment for a successful war produced gigantic results, results which apparently could not be attained otherwise. A. and B. might have reasoned fruitlessly for months with X. and Y. on the subject of the best way to fight the Germans, and as long as the contest remained bottled up within the circumscription of Cabinet secrecy the wrangle might have gone on indefinitely. But there is an indiscretion, a bursting of the bonds by sheer human nature, a hint, a nudge, a visit of great and less great journalists to the fighting line, and in a week a revolution takes place, followed somewhat slowly and painfully by the vast mass of the uninstructed public, which begins by denouncing the newspapers that have dared to tell (what they believe to be) the truth, and then gradually ceases denouncing them; and perhaps—though I have no more knowledge than the outside public—may some day count them as high-souled patriots.

Of course, if these journals lied, it was open to the Government of that day to say so, whether or not it was convenient to institute a criminal prosecution. My own belief (and that, I am sure, of a large section of the public) is that if there had been no truth in these stories circulated by the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Evening News*, and even some of the Liberal and quasi-Ministerial journals, some Cabinet Minister of importance had only before publication to take the editor or editors into his confidence, to give them an irrefragable proof that everything possible had been done to meet the exigences of the war, for that editor or those editors to have annulled their projected campaign and to have put into the waste-paper basket the communications on which this campaign was to have been based.

On my part I think that at least ninety per cent. of the newspapers of the United Kingdom are honourably and patriotically conducted; that the proprietors and the editors are genuinely anxious in the first place for the welfare of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Empire, and in the second are sufficiently fair-minded towards individuals not to asperse their characters without good grounds. They may differ widely from statesmen as to the wisdom or unwisdom of their policy, may be narrow-minded in their views of such a policy, may refuse to admit evidence, and so forth. But there are very few journals read by decent-minded men and women that for the sake of catch-penny headlines or some other advantage to themselves would print lies or inflict unprovoked injury either on their country or on its individual citizens. Of course, here and there exists a terrible type of pressman, a journalistic wolf or ghoul, who would stop at nothing for purposes of black-mail or private revenge. But such creatures happily have very little scope in that Press which really influences public opinion. Their papers, maybe, are not even circulated by the ordinary news agencies; they are sold furtively and bought shamefacedly in back alleys or at the corners of dubious streets, or in some hole or corner of the city or the market-place. Such utterances do not in the least affect public opinion or public policy.

Consequently, the ordinary citizen may take it for granted in regard to Press articles—in influential journals especially—that there is no smoke without fire. There is some modicum of truth, at any rate, behind this article or that paragraph, something which requires investigation and cannot be dismissed with an official shrug. Very often a private and confidential explanation from a Government department to the editor is enough. He damps down his correspondent or he retracts any editorial utterance of opinion to which he may have committed his journal. In any case, the communication in question has meant ventilation, and ventilation is what our great departments of State, of our public administration, need every now and again. But for ventilation unwholesome conditions arise. There may be jobbery or favouritism, injustice or petty spite, waste or extravagance, dilatoriness or too hurried a decision, or an obstinate refusal to face facts and to apply

knowledge. But the free currents of Press discussion have a most stimulating and wholesome effect.

What is most amusing to observe, however, on the part of parliamentarians who publicly state their languid indifference to what appears in the Press, is how eagerly, nevertheless, they scan their press cuttings, what inordinate attention they often pay to a leading article or to a paragraph of news. A question asked in Parliament is feeble beside a paragraph in the Press. A question asked in Parliament puts the Minister at the head of his department and all his subordinates into an attitude of defence. The efficiency of the department called in question is to be defended at all costs, even at the cost of suppressing or diluting the truth. But a paragraph in an influential newspaper is at once underlined with a blue pencil, is cut out and circulated through all the sub-departments with a request for an explanation; and if there is not a convincing answer, action is taken to remedy the defect or repair the mistake. Again and again to my surprise I have heard a quite highly-placed person in a moment of human weakness say, "Oh, but I *know* it is so; I saw it in the paper the other day." He would probably not have expressed the same implicit faith in any verbal communication from one of his colleagues or his subordinates.

The policy of the united Press is, whether consciously or unconsciously, in favour of full and free discussion. Of course, each newspaper, as representing its proprietor and its editor, has its own limitations and prejudices and clear-cut opinions. I do not mean to say that the *Morning Post* or even the *Times* would permit too much argument in favour of continued Free Trade, or Irish Home Rule, or the Woman's Vote, or some other line of policy which they had recently opposed. But the letters or articles they would not take would be received by most organs of the Liberal Press, by the *Westminster Gazette* or the *Review of Reviews*, the *New Statesman* or that very open-minded organ *Public Opinion*, which allows expressions of opinion on any topic that is fit for discussion.

In short, the Press, though it has not supplanted and will never supplant Parliament, has become a most valuable outer court to that institution. Perhaps the most perfect form of government would be a two-chambered Parliament

of journalists and editors who would debate and decide finally on the questions thrashed out for months or years beforehand in the columns of their newspapers and the pages of their reviews.

Obviously, our existing Parliament has too much to do, too much detail to look into; it is given far too little time, and it is allowed to waste at least half that time in the most ridiculous school-games fashion. With our innate conservatism and love of precedent we allow the workings of the House of Commons and of the House of Lords to be saddled with such ridiculous outworn forms and ceremonies and primitive rites and before-the-days-of-printing-and-machinery methods, that only about two hours out of the average sitting of nine hours are given up to serious business. A few years ago Sir L. Chiozza-Money published in the *Westminster Gazette* an admirable article on the reform of Parliament. One could wish, if one were patriotic and *really* desired the welfare of the United Kingdom and the British Empire, that his proposals could be given effect to as speedily as possible, so that the House of Commons and a reformed Senate or House of Lords might be so shaped as to get through the greatest amount of rightly directed discussion and fruitful legislation in the shortest possible time. But even when his scheme had complete fruition the importance of the Press would not be in any way lessened; rather it would be enhanced, for I think Sir Leo would be thoroughly of the opinion that all great measures which it is desired to bring before the legislature of the land should be firstly discussed and shaped in the Press. When by one newspaper reacting on another a measure seems to have got into a shape which appeals to many reasonable and educated men and women, then, and then only, should it be brought to the House of Commons. The Press should act as a kind of digester for the Legislature, receiving at one end all the raw material of the people's opinions, and emitting its essence at the other in a concentrated fluid of sweet reasonableness, which should then be tested and passed, bottled, and issued for public consumption by the Legislature after authorisation by the Sovereign.

Much of the present faults in our administration are due to the unreformed system of education in the country, are due to the fact, especially, that those who are sufficiently

well-to-do or energetic to get into Parliament have for the most part received either an out-of-date or an imperfect education. If they come from the country gentry or from the aristocratic in birth, they have received the conventional education of a great public school and either Oxford or Cambridge. These two ancient universities are fast becoming—especially in the case of Cambridge—beyond the reach of gibes as to lack of modernity, but they are often unable to correct the bent of the mind and the already sealed-up intellect which has suffered from the absurd education of a typical public school, absurd because it does not teach the boy who is afterwards to be a legislator, financier, merchant, lawyer, cleric, or actor-manager, the things that really matter. He may acquire an amount of mathematics quite unnecessary to the ordinary citizen or to anyone who is not going to be a designer of bridges or an astronomer royal. If he has not branched out along the specialist lines (which are scarcely likely to bring him into Parliament), he has wasted his time for the most part in acquiring the higher mathematics, the conventional classics, or falsified history. Usually he is so disgusted with such studies that he drops them quickly; so that when he enters the Cabinet he can hardly grapple with modern problems in geography and statecraft, scarcely do correctly a sum in one of the first four rules in arithmetic (though it is true that since the days of Lord Randolph Churchill the vogue of Bridge has availed much to teach our statesmen, established or coming on, how to add and subtract). He has been taught nothing of any practical value in finance to fit him for the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, he has been taught no really modern geography, no ethnology, no natural science to equip him as Secretary of State for the Colonies* or Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. If he can speak intelligible French, it is so wonderful that the fact

* The unappreciation of the importance of natural science among Parliamentary statesmen is shown in the formation of a recent Commission appointed by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to report on the resources of West and Central Africa in oil-producing nuts and seeds. It has not occurred to Mr. Bonar Law to include in that Commission a professional botanist from Kew, Edinburgh, or Glas Nevin, acquainted by local and home research with the flora of Tropical Africa; though any one of those splendidly efficient State Departments could have supplied much valuable expert knowledge and might save the Commission from loss of time in getting at the essential facts and correct names.

is always recorded over and over again by the Press in side paragraphs; while if he can actually speak, read, or write German, he is not only an object of wonderment but of deep suspicion. Maybe he has learnt far more Latin than any statesman requires, yet he knows nothing of Rumanian, and mispronounces Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese names. A few lessons in Latin sufficient to explain the origin and meaning of English words is enough for anyone who is not going to be a professional philologist or translator of ancient documents; and the same remarks apply to Greek. Yet though the future statesman or diplomatist, consul or Levant merchant, may have been crammed with Greek at his preparatory and his public school, he is certainly not taught modern Greek. A very large proportion of marks is still given in Foreign Office examinations to ancient Greek (where also Greek "history" was premised to "end" at the second Peloponnesian War), but no examination in modern Greek (or Russian, Portuguese, or Yugo-Slav) is dreamt of or would be permitted by those who at present control our foreign policy. Nevertheless, modern Greek is extremely important to all who are working in the Levant and Eastern Europe. Modern Greek, however, differs from the ancient tongue almost as much as Italian differs from Latin.

From most of these faults of education the journalist is free or has made himself free. Either he lies under the stigma that causes so many contributors to *Who's Who* to wriggle uneasily, of having been "privately educated" (and very often this word means "efficiently" educated), or he has made the best use of his time at school or at college, has learnt the things that really matter, and, above all, has gone out into the world to study factories, workhouses, hospital wards, sewage disposal, municipal government, sanitation, Mexican revolutions, the Russian struggle for liberty, the work of Austria in Bosnia, of Britain in Egypt, of France in Morocco, or of the clash of interests between China and Japan. The journalist must be a person of brains or he ceases to be a journalist. Therefore to class his opinion on the things that matter below that of the imperfectly educated, shielded, and often narrow-minded statesman, or the casuistic lawyer whose world lies between the Midland Circuit and the House of Commons, is to

cherish one of those false delusions which are just now being brought crashing about our ears by the supreme test of War.

But the Press, if it is to save the country from merely (once again) muddling through the present crisis to some incomplete victory, and if it is to assist us to consolidate great gains in power and in opportunities to recover our losses, must realise its vast responsibilities as educator of the voting public and act up to them. I agree fully with the suggestions put forward by Mr. Austin Harrison for the institution in London of some supreme Press Council which should meet once a week or once a month and debate in secret the great questions of foreign and imperial affairs, vital matters in commerce, industry, finance, social reform, sanitation, education, religious organisation, applied science, reform or elaboration of laws. A Press Cabinet, in short. Independence of judgment could still be retained by individual editors. There could be minorities of dissent as well as respected majorities in favour of new measures or of letting things be. But the probabilities of the outcome of such frequent conferences of editors, of the controllers of great metropolitan, Scottish, Irish, and provincial newspapers (and the discussions on imperial and foreign affairs might be attended by the representatives of the Indian and Daughter Nation Press) would be agreement in essentials, I am sure. For the main object of the editors and proprietors of newspapers is the contentment and prosperity of the peoples they represent and serve.

The Emancipation of Music

By Edwin Evans

When war broke out there were not a few who, whilst fully alive to its burden of evil, were already disposed to calculate its beneficent effect as a stimulant to national consciousness. Every travelled observer was aware of an irritating feature at home that militated against progress. It was not correctly described by that much-abused word lethargy, nor was it entirely smugness, though it contained something of both. It consisted rather in a *blasé* attitude towards enthusiasm, and especially in a lack of curiosity concerning new ideas. The path of the propagandist is nowhere set with roses, but these islands appeared to produce a peculiarly impenetrable kind of jungle, which made them almost a "never-never land" to certain evolutions that were taking place. It had for instance, long been evident that nothing short of a world-wide catastrophe would set up enough commotion to shake the English out of a belief that Germany still enjoyed a monopoly of the best music. Thanks to many years of propagandism, and above all to Sir Joseph Beecham's production of some forty-year-old operatic novelties at Drury Lane, the musical public had at last attained to a point of view towards the Russian classics corresponding to that reached in Paris during the 'eighties, and at the same time it had become superficially familiar with some characteristic modern French music, which, for some reason or other, it regarded as extravagantly exotic. Apart, however, from the always minute section who collate facts and their meanings, the idea that it was no longer, as of yore, necessary to look to Germany for all that was best obstinately refused to take root. Least of all was it possible to plant the notion that, just as France had recovered from her temporary musical stagnation and Russia had established her immunity from foreign domination, it was also possible for British composers to con-

tribute a characteristic element to modern music. Native performers might, with great difficulty, secure recognition, though even that remarkable artist, Mr. Albert Sammons, did not come to his own before the war, but to the native composer was permanently assigned the fate of Adolphe in Pinero's story of the unappreciated *chef*, and it is a wonder that he has not emulated the revenge of that misunderstood genius with the help of a little gunpowder. Truly, in this sphere, the world-wide upheaval did not come before it was needed, but so far it has proved inadequate.

The last few months have indeed witnessed a curiously conceived effort to profit by the present situation to convert the public, but the effect has been of the slightest. The public has responded by attending "all-British" programmes in much the same spirit as it has taken tickets for war-fund concerts, but the moment a scheme of British and Allied music was put forward as a business proposition it held aloof. Messrs. Thomas Beecham and Landon Ronald gave at the Albert Hall a brief season during which they performed practically all that is most characteristic of European music, excluding only that of Germany, but the best works from French, Russian, and English sources proved an insufficient attraction. Except that the audiences tended to increase a little towards the end there was no encouraging feature. It is, however, necessary to point out that the experimental policy adopted on this occasion was only a means to an end. Nobody seriously asks for the excision of the German classics from the repertory. Nobody asks even for the permanent exclusion of contemporary German music, which will surely reappear after the war. The object was merely to prove that in music Germany, from being the nation *par excellence*, has become one nation among many, none of whom are indispensable to its existence, though all may help to enrich it. In its *quasi*-militant disguise, the venture was in reality a campaign in favour of proportionate representation.

The All-British concerts at the Steinway Hall were another failure, but in a different sense. To the lukewarmedness of the public was added the apathy of the very men chiefly affected by the movement. If the programmes were generally not very convincing, it was no fault of the

organisers, who made many unsuccessful attempts to secure the collaboration of representative composers. As a result, apart from some chamber-music of acknowledged merit, the programmes lacked interest, and the vocal element in particular was often quite unworthy of notice. It was not that the repertory was inadequate; most of it was simply inaccessible. It may be that the composers did not appreciate the manner in which these concerts were arranged, but at least they represented a form of activity, and not of passive endurance. One is tempted sometimes to the belief that the British composer, having suffered involuntary martyrdom for so many years, has grown to like the sensation and nowadays seeks it voluntarily. Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, for example, whose early struggles have ended with more success than falls to the lot of most of his brethren, loves to talk of himself as a die-hard, but his endurance is anything but passive.

The Festival of British Music at Queen's Hall, with all its *éclat*, was only in a qualified sense successful, for even Sammons's masterly interpretation of Elgar's violin concerto, that had been mainly instrumental in establishing his reputation in the previous season, failed to attract as large an audience as some quite indifferent performances at the preceding "Three B.'s" Festival. In short, the present pro-British movement has so far proved as abortive as its many predecessors, from the Bantock Manifesto Concert of December, 1896, to the Patrons' Fund Concerts, and from the birth of the Society of British Composers to the belated rejuvenation of the Philharmonic. Here and there are encouraging signs. For the moment hope concentrates on Mr. Beecham's direction of the last-named society during the forthcoming season, and on the influence he will exert as chief conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, but it is a hope much chastened by experience.

The causes of this failure, in the face of so much artistic achievement, are many, and not all of them rest with the public. Much of the blame must be apportioned among our official institutions, the leaders of musical society, and the composers themselves. Finally, the failure to accomplish tangible results is due to lack of comprehension of the end in view, and of real co-ordination of effort in that

direction, and these in turn result from an insular aloofness from the experience of countries that have passed through similar trials. Just as we ignore experiments in social reform, even in our own Oversea Dominions, until we have made the same initial blunders, we are floundering about musically, ignoring the precedents that apply exactly to our own circumstances. The two obstacles to the progress of British music are the prejudice in favour of foreign musicians, regardless of merit, and the vogue, even in educated circles, of sloppily sentimental productions of the "ballad" type and other meretricious products. The parallels are not far to seek. Half a century ago the France of the Second Empire was half stifled with "*musique à succès.*" The "*romance*" and "*opérette*" reigned supreme. And, a few years earlier, Russian society extended nothing warmer than mild toleration to music that was not Italian if vocal, or German if instrumental. Yet musicians the world over, except in Germany and perhaps in England, acknowledge that France and Russia now lead in musical progress. Surely it behoves those who aim at the emancipation of British music to inquire how that splendid result was achieved.

Reviewing the history of both the Russian and the French movements, and the personalities of their protagonists, one very soon becomes conscious of two factors, obvious in themselves, but none too easy to discover at home. These are solidarity and the love of music. At the heart of things in Russia and in France, was a devoted band of pioneers, whose artistic activities were divergent, but who were linked together in the enthusiastic pursuit of a common aim. In Russia there was the Balakireff circle, comprising Cui, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodin, Moussorgsky, and, since the death of the last two, Glazounoff, besides Stassoff, their literary champion, and Belaïeff, their altruistic publisher. Their counterpart in France was the devoted band of the pupils of César Franck, and his colleagues in the Société Nationale, such as Chabrier, Fauré, Dukas, and others. There were differences of opinion among all of them. There was, for instance, little common ground, artistically speaking, between Moussorgsky and Balakireff, or between Chabrier and Franck, but all were animated by a set purpose—to place their national art on

a secure footing and defend it against all external danger. The programmes of the concerts organised by Balakireff at Petrograd, with those subsequently subsidised by Belaïeff, and the long series of those of the Société Nationale in Paris, would almost suffice to compile a history of the respective movements, for practically all that was best in each received here, as a matter of course, its first performance. Human nature being what it is, it may be that even these idealistic circles were not entirely free from jealousy and intrigue, but the result is there to show that these were not allowed to impede progress. British musicians will tell you that there is no prospect of adequate public support for such organisations here, but those audiences, which in time developed into associations almost as firmly knitted together as their leaders, had first of all to be created, and in the making of them there was no element so effective as the fine example kept in view. Every attempt hitherto made in England has ended by its leaders either definitely pulling asunder, or by their adopting the expedient of a compromise that ended in inactivity. Examples abound in all directions. The official musician may be the worst, but he is by no means the only offender.

It may seem a hard thing to say that the love of music is also deficient, but it is only too apparent that if professional musicians love music at all, which is not always the case, it is emphatically *their* music that they love, and nobody else's. Last year the concert hall of one of our leading institutions was taken for a programme of music by one of the most prominent composers of British birth, including one or two new works. Scarcely a single member of the professorial staff put in an appearance, and the students abstained with a unanimity which almost suggested that they had been warned. Some years ago, before modern French music was known here, Blanche Selva, who, as the "spiritual daughter" of d'Indy, is the accredited interpreter of much of it, gave a series of representative programmes in London, the first of their kind, at which the professional element was conspicuously absent. Thinking the time might have been inconvenient, she consented to play at a small gathering to which a number of them were invited, but scarcely any were sufficiently interested to attend. A young pianist, now well known, replied

quite frankly that she would have liked to meet the lady but did not wish to hear the music, and she obviously voiced the general feeling of the *milieu* in which she studied. The concerts of the French society in London were at the outset almost boycotted by English musicians, though now a few of the younger generation are interested in them. When the same organisers gave a couple of British programmes in Paris, close upon a score of well-known composers there took advantage of the opportunity to find out what we were doing. It does not matter whether the music hails from Paris, Petrograd, or Peckham, our musicians hold aloof, and their attitude must inevitably react on the public, for if musicians are indifferent to one another's music, the man in the street has a *prima-facie* case for being indifferent to all of them. They do not even love music sufficiently to quarrel about it as is done in Russia, and especially in Paris, where controversy has been extraordinarily fruitful. When they quarrel it is not about music, but in a disguised way about precedence or some equally irrelevant matter.

Another severe handicap which, being a feature of parochialism, probably arises from the same causes is that the interests of our musicians are far too narrowly circumscribed. The musical leaders of the Continent are, almost without exception, men who are keenly interested in all the artistic and intellectual activities of their time. In contrast, the English musician seldom has much intermediate conversational resource between the "shop" of his professional occupation and the gossip of his outdoor amusements. As a result, music, which should be part of the broad stream of life, tends to remain a backwater, of no interest to those not immediately concerned, except as a means of occasional entertainment. That may also be the reason why English music so frequently concerns itself with the externals of form and method, instead of contents. Instead of profiting by what may be acquired from Debussy's æsthetic, it loses itself among his tonal scales. That is, however, another question. For the present, musicians cannot expect to be discussed as subjects of general interest so long as they insist on confining themselves in a community apart. Probably most of them would regard it as waste of time were they told that at the Petrograd Conservatoire of Music universal history is

included in the regular curriculum; but Petrograd knows what it is doing, nevertheless.

Concerning Conservatoires and similar institutions, there is much to be said. The handful of musicians to whom the emancipation of Russian music is due were not Conservatoire-trained, though they subsequently captured the establishment. It is interesting to note that the name most frequently cited in connection with English music belongs to a self-taught composer, Sir Edward Elgar, and that progress in France led to a secession from the official institution, which was subsequently reformed. These may be coincidences, but it is extraordinary how the evidence accumulates. Rimsky-Korsakoff as he developed found that his self-acquired technique was inadequate for his larger needs, and he reacted in favour of scholasticism of the traditional type. Many years later he recanted again, and the "Golden Cockerel" represents a striking return to his youthful suppleness. But not only did his works decline in interest during the interval; his pupils actually show traces of the process. As a young man he taught Glazounoff. In middle age he reared only talented mediocrities. The period of re-emancipation coincided with the teaching of Igor Stravinsky, one of the most original of contemporary composers. With Glazounoff, who is, in turn, traversing a period of academism, history promises to repeat itself. The point is that it is all but impossible to teach musical technique without teaching a musical idiom with it. Pupils who are systematically taught to treat a theme according to the German model will almost inevitably learn to make themes that are also German. Hence it is a distinct misfortune that the composition classes at both our leading institutions should be under the control of men trained in Germany, however distinguished they may be in their profession. So far as the existing *materia musica* is concerned, it is, of course, too late to undo the evil, but besides its effect on the musical aspirant, it has another bearing on the subject of the failure of pro-British agitation. Private enthusiasm has poured out huge sums for the benefit of British music, and the administration of this money has almost invariably been entrusted to the official musicians of the country. The result has not been edifying. Mr. S. Ernest Palmer, for instance, created the

Patrons' Fund with two donations aggregating £27,000. It is very doubtful whether Belaïeff's original endowment was any greater. Yet there is no comparison possible between the respective results. Belaïeff's money has made history. What has the Palmer Fund made?

It is impossible for the official mind to deal sympathetically with a movement that is, in its essence, revolution against what is established, and the pro-British agitation is necessarily a rebellion against all that the official mind, trained in Germany, holds sacred. The less our official musicians have to do with present or future musical patrons, the greater the hope of realising the complete emancipation of English music. A committee of musically intelligent laymen, unassociated with any particular stream or eddy of musical life, could achieve more useful work than all the "Associated Boards" in the kingdom. It does not matter whether it is a question of a concert programme or a publishing catalogue. If an English Belaïeff had entrusted his publishing policy to a committee of English official musicians, how much chance would an English Moussorgsky have had of being printed? Officials in all countries have been obtuse at times, but at least they are seldom anti-national as well as anti-original. Théodore Dubois might have ploughed Debussy, but he would not have favoured an imitator of Brahms. This is an important matter, as the development of British music is likely to attract large-minded patrons, and if they are not circumspect they will be the means of foisting on us Englishmen who compose, in preference to English composers.

Above all, it cannot be too often insisted upon that the country has all the scholarships it has any use for, and many more, and that the concerts of general scope due to private enterprise are a more effective means of propaganda than avowed propaganda concerts. What is needed at present is that all that is most characteristic in British music should be made accessible in print. That was the means by which Belaïeff planted Russian music in Western Europe. And he did not ask the staff of the Conservatoïre to assist him in the selection of his first catalogue. He heard some music by Glazounoff, then a mere boy. He published it, and more like it, and then some that was different, and soon he had a catalogue. Some ten years

or so later he found that the publishing venture was at once more beneficial and less costly than he had ever imagined, although every composition was paid for on publication. Then, like the far-seeing man he was, he increased the usefulness of his scheme by considerably reducing the prices, and once again he had reason to congratulate himself on the result. In fact, his scheme has now attracted a rival in well-doing, M. Kussewitzky, the publisher of most of Stravinsky's work as well as Scriabin's of the "Prometheus" phase, which does not suggest that he, either, is under the official thumb.

The evil of the inane sentimental ballad must be fought on its own ground. The obnoxious stuff must be rigidly excluded from all programmes having any artistic pretension, even when offered as "encore" numbers by singers, who are notoriously the least fastidious of all executants. If composers and singers alike do their share with a due regard for the phonetic and rhythmic qualities of English verse, so that that ironic comment on our singing, the "book of words," may be dispensed with, the patrons of such concerts, and, indeed, of all concerts, will soon learn to appreciate the difference. But here again publication is the most urgent necessity. The average commercial publisher will not look at a song if he deems the accompaniment difficult or the twang of it unusual. Yet the first edition of the average song rarely involves a greater capital outlay than about £3.

With regard to the much-discussed question of the "national" element in our music, it is, of course, no more than a means to an end. If we had never been under German influence we should not need to discuss it, but the German idiom has so eaten its way into our musical life that a counter-irritant is a valuable help towards emancipation. Hence English folk tunes, used integrally or adapted, are to be encouraged so long as there remain English composers who use an idiom originally founded on German folk-tune, after which they will drop into their place of their own accord. Here both Russia and France furnish valuable precedents. In Russia, where emancipation was necessary, folk-tunes were used by the Nationalists throughout their compositions, operatic as well as symphonic. When the battle was won and there was no further

need of aggressive nationalism, folk-tunes were relegated to the background with such unanimity that it would almost seem as if composers had come to an agreement on the subject. In France, on the other hand, nationalism was of secondary consequence, the enemy being domestic rather than foreign. When, therefore, a number of composers, chiefly hailing from the nursery in the Rue Saint-Jacques, took to using French folk-songs symphonically, the experiment fizzled out quickly because it was superfluous. In England, at present, something is necessary to rid our musical idiom of reminiscences of the Loreley and her companions, and hence such works as Dr. Vaughan Williams's delightful "Norfolk Rhapsodies" are a service to the good cause. When emancipation has been accomplished, Dr. Williams himself will cease to use traditional material, most likely without himself knowing why, unless a *cénacle* has meanwhile come into existence where such things are discussed.

This brings us back to the point from which we set out: the need of concerted enthusiasm. Meanwhile British music continues to travel round its vicious circle. Composers are dispirited because the public is apathetic, and the public is apathetic because composers lack spirit. Yet the music itself is improving year by year.

Early Days on the Aisne

By A. H. M.

THERE was a big difference between the first and second occasions on which I joined my regiment.

The first time was as a Sandhurst cadet and I joined a regiment at full strength of officers and men. I remember we sat down to dinner that night some twenty of us, and being bewildered by all the faces and trying to make out which was the colonel and wondering if I should ever learn the names of all the different subalterns and captains. The mess table was laden with silver and outside a band in scarlet tunics played.

The second time was when I rejoined after a year's absence on the outbreak of war. My regiment was on the Aisne then, having got there after fighting at Mons, Le Cateau, and on the Marne. The Adjutant, who met me behind the lines to take me to the Commanding Officer, prepared me a little for what to expect.

"Blain is commanding," he said, as we threaded our way single file down a path through a wood. Blain, I knew, had been a very junior captain a month before when war broke out.

The Adjutant proceeded to explain:

"The Colonel and Ames were hit at Mons." (Ames was the senior major.) Johnson and Hewett (another major and captain) had been hit on the Marne. Clark and Sergeant Johnson—you remember Johnson?" I nodded, well remembering Clark's inimitable colour-sergeant—the pair had been inseparable and the officer greatly dependent on the man for the keeping of his company accounts, etc., in the days of peace—"were killed the day before yesterday. They are buried together by that farm." The Adjutant softened his voice from the tone of matter-of-fact recital as he pointed to a farm building through the trees.

"Well, here we are," he said as we came to a little straw-

and earth shelter in the wood. "Here's some fresh blood, sir," he said, to a youthful looking captain sitting on a tree stump outside the shelter. This was Blain, who through the accidents of war, was now left in command of the regiment. There were left, besides, one other captain and some half dozen subalterns. Of these the scout officer and machine-gun officer were with Blain, the others out in command of their companies in the trenches.

"Hullo!" said Blain, holding out his hand, "We are going to put you with Matley's company."

I grinned as unconcernedly as I could. So Matley was one of the survivors, then. Matley was the regimental fire-eater. He had been longing for this war for years and was more pleased than many others I knew when it actually happened. To be Matley's subaltern on active service I had always surmised, was to have guarantee of plenty of fighting.

If ever a reluctant youth found himself holding out against overwhelming odds in an impossible position it would be one of Matley's subalterns.

"Matley has had bad luck with his subalterns," said Blain. "He has lost four."

"I hope he doesn't lose me," I said with some sincerity.

Blain and the Adjuant laughed. "Well, we'll send you on up to him," said the former. Let's see—I think he has got the forward trench to-day."

"Yes, he has," said the Adjutant; then, turning to me, "You'll be near enough to them for your first day in the trenches—two hundred yards."

I grinned again as genially as possible.

"Have some breakfast before you go up," said the C.O., handing me a biscuit and a pot of jam and pointing to a pannikin of tea.

It was very damp in the wood. The trees were dripping. The tea was cold. The party, with Blain as C.O., and the Adjutant and two subalterns, were a forlorn little group to be left out of a regiment. All had rather a strained air, and my good spirits and feeling of being fresh out from England were evidently not infectious to men who had been through what they had. They had had a shell near them already that morning and were all frankly apprehensive of another. From that moment any ideas I may

have had about the pleasures and excitements of active service left me, and I merely wondered what sort of a trench I was going to and what Fate might have to bring me on my first day of active service.

I had always imagined that trenches were only approached by night, and then by crawling on one's belly along narrow communication passages. But we set off in broad daylight, at nine in the morning, to go up to our trench. The reason we were able to do this was because the trenches on the Aisne were along the edges of woods, and it was possible to move through the trees right up to within two hundred yards of the enemy without being observed.

The advanced trench which Matley was holding with his company lay in a small wood rather in advance of the main line of trenches. The path which led to it twisted and twined and branched off into other paths so confusedly that I wondered how the Adjutant could find his way. The actual trench itself consisted in a bank along the edge of the wood in which a chain of dug-outs had been excavated. We found Matley in a dug-out in the centre, which was distinguished from the others by some straw and a couple of waterproof sheets; there was also a wooden box without a lid in which the officers' rations were kept. Matley was sitting in the dug-out with Evans, his remaining subaltern, and having taken me thus far, the Adjutant returned to the C.O.

It did not take more than an hour or two to pick up the rudiments of trench life. We passed the morning sitting in the dug-out, reading a few old papers and smoking and talking. By eleven the sun was high enough to peep in over the top of the parapet and warm us, and it all seemed to me a very pleasant, lazy sort of existence. There was no firing except for an occasional "ping" from a sniper Matley kept posted at the corner of the trench, and an answering shot or two from the German side. Rifle fire seemed a matter of tacit arrangement. When our sniper was joined by a friend, or fired two or three times in a minute instead of once every three or four, the German fire grew brisker and life in the trench less tranquil. Our sniper was thereupon reproved by Matley and was silent, whereupon the German fire died down.

At midday Matley suggested we should lunch, and Evans pulled the wooden box towards him. He gave us out each two large square Army biscuits and opened a small tin of bully beef, which he turned out on a piece of paper and cut into three portions. The beef and biscuits did not make a bad meal at all, but the best was to follow. Matley produced from his haversack a tin cup, and from the box a wine-bottle about a third full. He then mixed a tot of rum with the same quantity of water in the cup and drank, passing on the emptied cup to Evans who took his share; after I had had mine there was just enough left for us each to have half a cup more. How delicious that rum was. I rolled myself a cigarette, lay back in the straw, and basked contentedly. I felt comfortable and warm and drowsy.

Away in the distance one could hear the booming of big guns which went on all day, but this was the only thing to remind one that one was in the middle of the battle of the Aisne. I saw Evans opposite me lean back and close his eyes, and remember thinking Matley was rather energetic to sit so bolt upright all the time.

It was a sound of firing that woke me. Phizz—Phizz—Phizz! through the leaves above and some sharp cracks from our men. Matley and Evans were still sitting where they had lunched, listening intently. I sat up, too, wondering what was going on. "Were we being attacked or what was happening?" I asked Matley, who replied briefly that he did not know.

"Just take No. 8 platoon and line that trench along the end there," he said to Evans. Evans got up and crept out of the dug-out along towards the sound of firing.

"Very exposed here," muttered Matley to himself. "C.O. said if this point went the whole line would go too."

"Um!" I thought to myself, now quite alive to being in the middle of a battle.

"Are you all right?" a voice called. We looked out and saw the C.O. standing in the wood behind us. He had come running up as soon as he heard the firing. I have always remembered him running up like that to see if all was well. Many colonels would have thought it best to remain at their head-quarters and let reports come in to them from the different companies.

It gave one great confidence to see him standing there calmly. Then suddenly the firing died down.

"Don't think it was anything," said Matley, "but it is rather a nasty place this; we could not do much if they tried to rush us. I'll keep that platoon out along the flank there for a bit."

"You're going to be relieved to-night," said the C.O. "The Gloucesters are taking over from us."

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At ten o'clock that night the company of the regiment which was relieving us filed slowly into our trenches. As each of the new platoons got into position the old platoon made its way out to the place where it had been directed to halt. There could be no talking or asking of questions as the enemy were two hundred yards away, but the simple and explicit instructions which Matley had given to the platoon commanders in the afternoon enabled the whole movement to be carried out correctly. The section-commander of the leading section of each platoon had to keep in touch with the section-commander of the rear section of the platoon in front of him, and by this plan of following my leader the whole company moved as one man in the darkness along the intricate paths which intersected the wood.

By eleven o'clock we had arrived safely at our destination—a clearing in the wood about half a mile behind the front trenches. There we found a series of little straw houses made by the last regiment, wide enough to hold six men lying down and high enough to allow a man to sit up in them. We selected one of these bivouacs for ourselves and distributed the men among the remainder. I so far had escaped having to spend a night in the trenches, but to the men, who had been where I joined them that morning for three days and nights, the bivouacs were a great comfort. The mere relief of tension which the extra six hundred yards or so we had put between ourselves and the enemy afforded was appreciated by all, and being now well screened from view we could move about as we liked. Evans told me that Matley had hardly slept at all any of the three nights, but spent the whole time going round seeing that the sentries were alert and at their posts. After we had chosen our bivouac and put down our haver-

sacks and waterbottles to mark the place where we proposed to sleep, the question arose of supper. We had very little of our day's rations left—however, I saw a dim light peeping from a bivouac which stood by itself, and guessing it meant a party, went across to investigate. Here I found the other officers of the regiment lying round on straw discussing a cold leg of mutton and some bread which had been sent down from the transport. I claimed and was given a share for Matley, Evans, and myself, and also a small extra tot of rum. Nothing tastes nicer than cold meat and bread when one is hungry, and with the rum and mutton inside us and a few whiffs of a pipe we were soon fast asleep.

We slept till well after six the next morning, and when we woke the sun was breaking through the mist which always haunts the valley of the Aisne at dawn. By nine a glorious autumn day had fully broken. We had two canteens of steaming tea and cold bacon for breakfast. Matley then produced some cleaning traps and began a prodigious toilet. He shaved himself, he washed his teeth, he soaped his head and plunged it into a bucket of cold water; finally he took off his trousers and poured the water over himself. Then he had a rub down with a tiny towel, put on his trousers and shirt again, and sat down under a tree, saying he felt better. Evans and I, unshaven, muddy, but feeling quite warm and comfortable, watched all this rather cynically.

"Always wash when you get the chance," said Matley, who, having been through the South African War, played the rôle of old campaigner.

It seemed to me that it would be time enough to wash the next day when we were to go back to billets. However, after half an hour Evans sent for a bucket of water, washed himself, and declared he felt much fresher. He then joined Matley under the tree and combed his hair. I began to feel a dirty fellow, and finally borrowing Matley's soap and towel, washed too.

We passed the day very happily sitting about and sleeping in the sun. At dusk we got orders to move and go and improve some entrenchments.

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As soon as it was dark the regiment paraded and moved

off, with orders to dig till midnight and then rest and cross the Aisne an hour before dawn.

The place assigned to my company for digging was a ditch running along a fence facing the hills on the enemy's side of the river. The enemy had their trenches on the slopes of these hills, and it seemed funny to be digging under their noses, as it were, under cover of darkness. Evidently the night was good enough cover, for not a shot was fired to disturb us at our work. I noticed, however, that Matley ran no risks, but made each man lay his equipment and rifle exactly in front of him so that the different working parties could be transformed into a firing line at an instant's notice. The men worked away with a will as unconcerned as if they were digging a potato patch. The only thing which worried them a little was a searchlight which the enemy continually flashed across the front of their lines. At first the men could not get used to this light, but threw themselves flat on the ground whenever it appeared in their direction, but as the enemy never fired, apparently the searchlight revealed nothing to them. Evans and I studied this light for a little while and then discovered that a knoll lay between it and us, and hid us from its direct rays so that we were all perfectly safe. As a matter of fact Matley explained that if a man did come into the direct ray of a searchlight, he would only look like the stump of a tree or a shrub to the observer if he stood still. It was by movement alone that he betrayed himself. However, it requires a certain amount of confidence to stand quite still when caught by a searchlight and not try to move away or hide behind a tree. This confidence the men who were not hidden by the knoll lacked at first; in fact they had a great dislike for the searchlight and were inclined to be reproachful because we had no searchlights ourselves. Thomas Atkins is a keen critic of the art of war, and such things as well-placed searchlights and the superior number of the enemy's machine guns do not escape his notice. He likes to feel that he has been given as good a start as the man he is fighting against, and it would have been interesting to have heard the comments of our men in the trenches when the Germans first started to employ gas.

At midnight we knocked off digging and retired to a

field to sleep. It is extremely cold in the Aisne valley on autumn nights, and the dew-drenched ground did not look inviting. The men were told to lie down where they were, and as it began to dawn on them that no further arrangements were to be made for their comfort, they grinned rather expressively in a way they have when they wish to be quite pleasant but at the same time feel they have a lot to put up with.

I happened to have noticed the field as we passed it on our way to entrench, and to remember that at the top there were several sheaves of corn. Accordingly, when all was quiet, I sent the men of my platoon up two at a time to fetch some of these sheaves down and also to bring me three for myself. Spreading out one underneath me and the other two over my feet and chest I soon was as warm as if I'd been between blankets. It was a glorious night, and it was grand to be there in the warm straw looking up at the stars. About four I was awoken by a sound of stamping, and looking sideways saw the men who had no straw stamping to keep themselves warm and looking reproachfully at my platoon who were all lying snug and comfortable like a litter of puppies. Soon after this the order came to move and we crossed back over the Aisne as day was breaking. The slow-running mist-hung river was a peaceful looking object to give a name to a battlefield, but the putting up of the pontoon bridge by which we crossed had cost one man his life and brought another the V.C.

After the War—What?

By A. W. Woodbridge

One or two German editors have condemned the "Hymn of Hate" and other like manifestations on the ground that "after the war we shall have to live and trade on friendly terms with the island people." In England the same sentiment has found much more widespread and generous expresssion. And it is pointed out in support of this prospect that hardly had the ink of the Treaty of Peace become dry in 1871 than the Germans flocked back into the French capital in larger numbers and with a keener commercial zest than ever before.

Is that bit of history to repeat itself in our case? Shall we be the same "good friends" with Germany after the war? Is the end of the war to see our old trade relations resumed, our markets free as of old to German manufacturers, our Colonies and Dependencies over-run with German agents and spies, sowing the seeds of sedition and ruin for us, our own manufacturers largely kept out by a high tariff wall; and all the while, by sea and by land, the German Empire preparing once more in laboratory and arsenal and naval yard for the Day when haply she may, by the decree of the Fates, be able to meet us alone? If that be the future prospect then it were far better that Germany should beat us out of hand, for we should get better terms now, and save more of our patrimony, than on that other Day on which, if she loses this war, German eyes will unfalteringly be fixed.

Answers to these questions have been given to me on 'Change and in business haunts in the North of England. They reveal a colossal optimism which I cannot share. There is the facile assurance that German militarism will be utterly crushed by this war and that her industrial activity will be handicapped for a generation. For neither of these assertions is there the slightest evidence whatever.

To believe either of them without evidence is preposterous folly. How are the Allies to crush the military spirit of a hundred millions of people? It simply cannot be done by any external force. The phrase has been used alike by statesmen of high rank and street corner orators, but so far no one of them has ever set down in explicit terms how the task is to be accomplished. To talk of "crushing German militarism" unless some plain and direct road, possible of achievement, to that great goal can be perceived and followed is to talk high-sounding but mischievous nonsense.

There may be more substance in the idea that the war will mean an economic handicap for Germany, but even here the signs are not auspicious. A North of England manufacturer who has travelled largely in Germany, and who has met and at times defeated his German competitors in trade, said to me the other day: "Of course German commerce will be badly hit by the war, but it is my belief that as soon as it is over she will be 'quicker off the mark' toward the recovery of her position than any of the Allies, even if she be the defeated Power." The stupendous genius for organisation in war and in peace which Germany has revealed had impressed this successful man of business, and there seems much to justify his conclusion.

It is also said that German ideals will be changed by the war, that her dreams of aggression leading to world-dominion will be shattered, and that, in short, she will be willing to do what our American friends call "the ploughshare stunt" in future. The heart-cry of the Berlin mother who declared that Germany's only salvation lay in defeat is cited in support of this idea. But who is she among so many full-hearted and full-throated choristers of Lissauer's Hymn? Do many Englishmen really believe there is any chance of such a sentiment dominating the German mind when peace is signed, a peace which registers her loss and defeat? And if there are such people, sentient and awake, will they not also admit that the interest of national security bids us to wait till we see these ideas prevailing among our enemies, and not to stake our future existence on so insubstantial a belief?

There is only one way of national security in the time to come, and that is entirely to recast our political and

economic systems in the light of the appalling lessons the war has already taught us. I write as a life-long and convinced Free Trader, as a life-long Pacifist even to approval of the principles of the Norman Angell League. I still believe Free Trade to be the best fiscal system for this country, and I still look upon peace as the greatest British interest and the greatest British blessing. I still think, as Mr. Balfour said ten years ago, that a prosperous Germany means prosperity for Britain. These things are still as true as they are trite. But it is impossible for a war such as this to come upon the nation without leaving us, as the old tag has it, wiser as well as sadder men. The best fiscal system—the system by which we make most profit—may not be best for a nation's future security or real welfare. What shall the greatest export trade in the world profit us if we lose the realm of England? And a policy of goodwill towards Germany such as most Englishmen truthfully professed before the war may be only a policy of blindness in the face of tremendous perils. Those of us who cherished the notion that Germany meant no more ill to us than we meant to Germany have had the shock of our lives. "We were taken unprepared," declares our new Minister of Munitions. Well, many of us share with him the blame for this want of true political prescience. No doubt we can also, with him, plead that it was a generous error, and one not to be confessed with tears of shame. All the same, we must not persist in error after our eyes are opened. Its generosity would not save us from the deserved names of traitors and criminals.

Mr. H. G. Wells has said with truth and penetration that after the war, out of every mark Germany makes in commerce she will save so many pfennigs for the purposes of the next war. In other words, she will as systematically build and plan for her revenge, if beaten now, as for twenty years we now know her to have planned and built and dreamed for the destruction of the British Empire. Prosperity for her simply means greater preparation for war. How are we to meet that peril? Only, it seems to me, by continuing the war in the economic and political domains. In the economic field we should, for ourselves, erect a high tariff wall against German manufactures and exports. We should extend this to India and

our Crown Colonies. So far as it lies in our power we should strive to induce our self-governing Dominions, whose loyalty in the hour of our fate has been so gloriously proved, to assist us in this movement. We should also ask our Allies to take similar steps, and offer to them such compensation and preferences as we are able. Anything like a Zollverein of the Allied States is doubtless impracticable in the present state of the world, but practical statesmanship could surely devise some means by which this great end could be secured.

A distinguished diplomatist told me in the summer of 1913 that he believed Germany would go to war with Russia rather than see the latter country's tariff made more stringent when the present commercial treaty expired. Germany, he said, could not afford to lose her extraordinary preponderance in the Russian market. It was a matter almost of life and death to her. That is at any rate an indication of what Germany believes to be vital for the building up of her economic, and consequently military, strength. It is common knowledge that the possibility of the British Empire becoming federated on Mr. Chamberlain's lines of preferential trade was regarded in Germany with the greatest apprehension. Such steps as she might herself take for her own economic security or advantage, such tariffs as she might see reason to impose—these must be accepted by others because they were necessary to Germany's well-being. But the British Empire must not take similar steps. That would at once be interpreted as a menace and a challenge. We will do as we like with our own, but you must do as we like—that was, in essentials, the German contention, always with the *schimmernden Wehr* argument at the back of it.

But not only must our economic practice with regard to imports and exports be modified. The position and privileges of Germans in this country and in all our Dominions must be carefully scrutinised and revised. Whether they should be tolerated here at all is, indeed, a very grave question. Certainly no more naturalisation papers should be granted for a very long period of years. It is known to our authorities that the spy danger has recently been much more pronounced among naturalised than among unnaturalised residents of German stock.

This has made it extraordinarily difficult to deal with. By the suspension of naturalisation papers to Germans and Austrians the difficulty would solve itself in due time.

As a Free Trader I do not believe that the erection of a tariff wall against Germany would prove of economic or commercial advantage to this country. It might possibly prove to be a commercial evil. It will not yield a farthing in the balance to the national exchequer. But it should be borne, whether good or ill commercially, for the sake of the greater national security it would assuredly bring. A Manchester business man the other day complained that he was buying, through America, colour (made in Germany) at 8s. per pound which he had been used to buy direct at 8d. per pound before the war broke out. When the war is over this trader will, without a moment's hesitation, buy again from Germany, for he seems to regard any real re-establishment of the dyeing industry here as quite a hopeless idea. While others think as he does, and are not prepared to make the least sacrifice, through a tariff or in any other way, of course the prospect *will* be hopeless. Until our people come to regard national security as high over every other consideration, even as the Germans do, the future of the State will be full of perils. The important point is that as traders or individuals they will never be induced to take this view, because of the competitive character of industry. The only possible hope in this direction is for the State to organise in its own defence.

Just as it is certain that our economic system must undergo revision after the peace, so enormous changes will have to be made in our Army organisation. I do not know what kind of national service system may follow the conflict, or may be best for our particular needs, but it is surely not to be doubted that some such institution must find a place in our national life. It is not true that a system of national service—not necessarily on the German plan—means a greater risk of war. France has a conscript army. I was in France when the war broke out, and I know the French people did not want it—looked upon it rather with awe and dread but with a certain pitiful sense of Destiny. Hardly a man in all the British Dominions wished for war. Yet war came. The state of mind of the man who believes that in 1917 we shall have a smaller Army and Navy than

at present is not to be envied. We shall not only have to raise larger forces, but we shall have to reorganise the national life from top to bottom. There need be no feeling of revenge in such an economic and national policy as is here adumbrated. It is a policy which can always be modified or abandoned whenever there is real proof of that "change of heart" in Germany about which some of our people talk so glibly and so recklessly.

It will be argued that such a national policy would be provocative and would every day bring the risk of another war nearer. To this it may be answered that the history of the present struggle disposes of that contention. It was precisely because Germany regarded us (as her historians and professors have long asserted) as a decadent and helpless people that she built fast and feverishly for an attack upon us. "We were unprepared," our own political leaders tell us, and yet war, the most fearful of our history, came upon us almost out of a cloudless sky. The lesson is surely that never again must we be unprepared. It will be a better security for peace if our decks are seen to be cleared for action by this unscrupulous enemy rather than that he should come once more upon us unawares. It will be better security for peace to have all our cards on the table, with even a naked and open and unashamed hostility, than for diplomatists in Berlin and London to be whispering to each other, and to the nation, hypocritical and meaningless words of peace.

Will a National party arise after the war which will put national watchfulness and national defence—economic as well as military—as the great legend on its banners? Will a man appear among us able to rise to the height of that great argument? Social reform could go hand in hand with such a policy, for it is certain that the British people will never again tolerate the spectacle of the man broken in the wars, or his wife and children, holding out their hands for alms at the corners of our streets. For such a cause and such a leader the nation earnestly longs and waits. There are millions, I believe, willing to put aside their old party ties and claims and attachments to welcome such a man and such a programme.

A Way to End the War

By Dr. E. J. Dillon

EVERY well-ordered nation has a two-fold interest in the outcome of the Teutonic rebellion against Christian civilisation. Not only are its national ideals and strivings profoundly affected by the subversive designs of the self-appointed masters of the world, but also its higher aspirations as a member of the community of civilised nations are threatened with extinction. For while, on the one hand, each people aims at the working out of its own particular destinies in union with all its near kindred within territorial boundaries capable of defence against wanton aggression, it also claims, on the other hand, that the whole international organism as it has hitherto lived and thriven should be maintained on its present ethical basis. And the greater or lesser stress each country lays upon the latter aspect of the problem gives us the measure both of the advance it has achieved and of its specific value as a civilising force. For no useful "mission" which a people may fancy it has received can be fulfilled otherwise than by co-ordinating and harmonising its narrower interests with the broader tendencies and deeper ethical activities of the human race.

Now that is the pivot of the European situation to-day, and the corollaries that flow from it ought to be laid at the base of our diplomatic action. As a matter of fact, however, it is treated as a mere speculative proposition to be set forth on occasion in leading articles and public speeches, but has not yet been recognised as the dominant note of the Allies' practical policy. All the allied Governments are at one as to the true significance of the struggle. They continually lay stress on the obvious fact that this is no ordinary war. They proclaim that if the Teuton come out of the present welter victorious, it is not merely Bel-

gium, or Serbia, or France, or Britain that will feel the crushing weight of the iron heel and the choking grasp of the mailed fist, nor is it only the European community of nations, together with their social and political systems, that will be engulfed; all civilisation, wheresoever it may flourish, will be swamped in the Slough of Despond. Yet despite the vast issues thus at stake, and despite our pressing need of the co-operation of the Neutrals—implied by certain of our half-hearted diplomatic acts, but never frankly acknowledged in words—we continue to deal with those States as though we were engaged in some dynastic war in which their interests were remote and national war slender.

The reluctance of the Briton to swerve, even under stress of circumstance, from the hard and fast line of use and wont, and assimilate a new idea, is proverbial. So, too, is the shortsightedness displayed by whole nations and their leaders in times of rapid change like the present. Not only is the coming stage in the revolutionary process hidden from their view, but the significance of the one just completed is generally misunderstood or under-rated.

If we analyse the history of the war we find that the neutrality of the smaller States has from the very first seriously hampered our action and directly benefited our enemies. Although the existence of some of those countries and the well-being of them all depend upon the victory and the goodwill of the Allies, there is not one that has not aided and abetted the Teutons, while several have done this systematically. The worth of the advantages realised by Germany through contraband winked at or authorised by neutral Governments will not be fully realised by ourselves and our friends until the war has passed into history.

Bulgaria is bound to Russia by the strongest ties that can link nation to nation. The great Slav people shed its blood and spent its treasure to rescue the Bulgars from Turkish misrule. It fashioned them into a State, and strove hard to bestow on them a realm co-extensive with the territory they actually inhabited. For the sake of the Bulgar nation Russia stifled her antipathy to the Coburg interloper and recognised Ferdinand as ruler. And a few years ago when the Sofia Cabinet lacked the funds to pay

the Turks for the Oriental railway, it was the Tsar's Government which provided them. Yet Bulgaria's behaviour towards Russia and Russia's allies since the outbreak of this war has been instinct with rancour and fraught with disaster. The talk of Cabinet Ministers was usually interlarded with calumnies and threats. The keynote of the Sofia Press has been hatred of the Tsardom.

The Sofia journal *Kambana*, which is widely circulated among officials of the army and the civil administration and is regularly subsidised by the German and Austrian legations, serves out articles headed: "Russia's Treason," "Russia's Vile Propaganda," "The Annihilation of the Russian Army," "Russia's Last Breath."

In one issue of that paper there is an article filled with diatribes against Russia and her friends more poisonous than any that have yet appeared even in Vienna or Berlin. A passage taken at random will suffice for the British public: "The impotence of the English in the Dardanelles and the futile attacks of the French reveal the helplessness of the *Entente*, which is now reduced to despair and agony. That is why they are striving to drag the neutrals into the war. . . . But our present Ministers are neither Gueshoffs nor Daneffs. They have ceaselessly kept wily Russian diplomacy at bay, and more than once they worsted it. The whole world knows now that the Russian bear is toothless, his teeth having been broken on the Mazurian swamps and the Carpathian slopes. And to-day he is no more than a scarecrow in a cornfield. What the Bulgarian people aim at is the ruin of Serbia and the curtailment of Greece to Thermopylæ. That the hour for this design to take effect will shortly strike is now clear to all, and the diplomatic sleight of hand of the Russian barbarians is powerless to ward it off. For the fortune of war is uninterruptedly favouring Austria-Hungary and Germany."*

Greece, under the Kaiser's brother-in-law, has also cut her moorings, and launched into anarchy, Anglophobia, and self-destruction with the cheerfulness of an adept of one of the suicidal sects of the Russia of two hundred years ago.

* *I Kambana*, April 27th, 1915.

Since King Constantine became, after the manner of his brother-in-law, the autocrat of his country, German propaganda has had a free and fruitful field in Greece. The Kaiser delegated as his confidential agent to Athens Baron Schenk, who has an unofficial legation of his own there with secretaries and a secret fund, from which rivulets of German gold are continually flowing. "The Baron," as he is familiarly called, is assisted by Greeks of German extraction. These Teutonic apostles have gathered around them a numerous following composed of the many place-hunters and their friends whose ambitions were hemmed by the integrity of Venizelos, a certain sprinkling of honest but mistaken patriots, and of the Jews and Turks of the newly-annexed territories. In a single province, under the eyes of King Constantine's agents, "the Baron" spent six hundred thousand francs for the sole purpose of defeating a Venizelist candidate at the elections.*

M. Cruppi, ex-Cabinet Minister of France, was recently in Greece, and the account he gives of what he observed in that country justifies the worst apprehensions of the friends of Hellenism in France and Britain. The lies circulated by the Germans there, with the connivance of the authorities, are, he assures us, accepted as truth by the masses. "The authorities allow every slight incident to be handled as a pretext to arouse or perpetuate feelings of animosity against the Quadruple Alliance." Salonica is a city given over to German and Austrian spies and plotters. "Why," M. Cruppi asks, "does Hellenic neutrality, which we desire to see amicable, and which is so officially, in reality display itself in ill-humour and hostility towards the four Allies? How has this atmosphere been created in a few weeks? We are not ignorant of the circumstance that potent influences are making themselves felt on the Sovereign."

Those potent influences afford the clue to the enigma. They have been at work to my knowledge for some years. I never doubted that King Constantine was a worshipper of the War Lord, and a would-be imitator of the German Kaiser. But I had some hopes that the Greek people would discriminate between a consummate statesman and

* *Gazette de Lausanne*, July 6th, 1915, and *Corriere della Sera*, July 8th, 1915.

a chartered blunderer, or would at least perceive where their real interests lie. Those hopes have not been fulfilled, and it is now for the Allies to impress upon that little nation the old lesson: Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

Roumania's behaviour is of a piece with that of her neighbours. In October, when Russia's armies were in Bukovina, the opportune moment was at hand for her entry into the arena. And her assurances that she would take this course were profuse and emphatic. On the strength of them she obtained assistance from the Allies. But the Bulgarian spectre projected by Berlin into her field of vision retarded her action, and Austro-German promises and threats have since paralysed her will. She has lately endeavoured to obtain further favours from the Allies, through whose good offices she had been awarded part of the Dobrudja shortly before the Bucharest Conference. But loth to cut a stick for their own backs they signified their resolve to wait until it became clear for whose behoof the arms requisite would be employed. Thereupon M. Bratiano appealed to Vienna, and the Austrian statesmen, confident that they at any rate had no need to ask for guarantees, despatched the munitions asked for. "Austria-Hungary," the Roumanian Premier exclaimed recently to a certain Minister Plenipotentiary, "has confidence in us. And it is not misplaced. This very day we have received from that country twenty wagons laden with cartridges and projectiles." *

Contemplated from a strictly formal point of view, those various tactics of the neutrals are as natural as would be the obstructive behaviour, say, of a passenger on board a Transatlantic liner to conform to a demand to vacate his cabin in the middle of the night. But if it chanced that the ship's whole community were threatened with destruction, the refusal which before was natural, becomes at once intolerable. When the house is burning, the firemen do not stop to argue with the occupants. Neither do they allow them to perish if rescue is possible. Well, the civilised community of European States is now in a plight analogous to that of a burning house or ship. Its social, political, and ethical groundwork is in danger. Unless the Allies

* *Novoye Vremya*, June 6th, 1915.

grind to powder the lawless murderers in the red mill of war, the sands of civilisation will have run down. And so long as the Neutrals trade in our defeat—for that is what their policy often amounts to—the only helpful kind of victory may be long in coming, and the price paid for it ruinous.

We are no doubt very confident, because economically vigorous and militarily strong. But is Germany grown desperate, sluggish, and weak? What are the relative positions of the two groups of belligerents after twelve months of warfare? Which of them has advanced and is still advancing? We are quite sure, of course, that in the long run we shall defeat or exhaust the enemy. But were we not also quite sure that Liège would hold out for months, that Antwerp was almost impregnable, that Austria would not only not regain Lemberg, but would also lose Cracow, that the Russians would have been well on their way to Berlin before last Easter, that Germany had shot her bolt last Christmas, and that this year's spring would see Belgium freed from the invaders? Confidence is indispensable, but when it degenerates into a lulling optimism it becomes a public danger. For nearly forty years I have studied the people, institutions, laws, administrations, towns, and rural districts of Germany and Austria. And in the light of the knowledge thus acquired I warned the British public for years that this war was coming, and could not be avoided by anything they could do or leave undone. And when it broke out at last I raised my voice against those who, having formerly denied the peril of war, now flattered the credulous nation that victory over the Teutons was a task of a few months or a year, and I suggested obligatory military service, the formation of a Coalition Cabinet, and of a department separate from the War Office for the supply of munitions.

To-day I venture to make the further suggestion that the Allies should mobilise all their economic forces, and coin out of these the "silver bullets" of which we have heard so much and seen so little.

The enormous economic resources of which they dispose might be rendered more fruitful if employed, as those of Germany always have been, as political levers for the furtherance of their cause, on the principle of according

favours to friends and meting out strict justice to those who reject their offers of amity. An economic league of the Allies to be formed, not after the war, but during its progress, and to last for at least twenty years after the conclusion of peace, would meet the exigencies of the crucial period through which Europe is passing. By these tactics we should be presenting Neutrals with cogent motives for reconsidering their attitude.

Our first aim should be to penalise lucrative speculation by the Neutrals on our ultimate defeat. For it is obvious that that is a fair description of the present behaviour of those countries which still hold back from the war and replenish the arsenals and commissariats of our enemies. Whether we relish it or not, the fact is that the Neutrals, especially since the invasion of Russia, have lost faith in our ability to carry this campaign to a successful finish. A glance at the Press of Roumania, Greece, Bulgaria, Spain, and of the German cantons of Switzerland will suffice to remove any doubts on that score. From the outset German journalism, which poisons the wells of historic truth as unscrupulously as German officers poison the water-wells and the atmosphere, impressed those credulous peoples with distorted notions of our successes, reverses, and prospects. If it were not for the conviction that we have already virtually lost all reasonable hope of victory, certain Balkan States would never have dared to behave with the arrogance characteristic of the ass when the lion is dead. The Balkan peoples, whose mental mechanism differs widely from ours, have a proverb which says: "The fox's life is sustained by the lion's death." And they are acting on it. It is for the Allies to teach them the advisability of waiting until the lion is really dead before they set about kicking him. The Turks have a proverb which runs: "He who takes a donkey upon the roof, must also take him down again." And that is precisely the task to which the Allies have now to set their hand. The one way to effect this is to supplement the military entente with an economic league which shall reserve for its members those advantages, financial, commercial, and others, which are now like the sun's light and heat lavished upon staunch friends and bitter enemies without discrimination. Germany is working at a similar scheme to-day, and I have seen two drafts

of it which may have been since perfected and adopted in principle.

What I venture to propose is the adoption by the Allies of two customs tariffs for all produce and manufactured goods entering their respective countries from abroad, a lesser one to be applied to imports from Allied countries —this, in our case, may, if we will, be wholly dispensed with—and another very much higher to be levied on all merchandise coming from other States. Against this innovation it may be objected that it connotes the abolition of free trade, and the return to a system to which the bulk of the British people is absolutely opposed. To this one may fairly answer that circumstance is stronger than theory, and always ends by bending our pet maxims to the new and unalterable conditions. Thus without committing ourselves to militarism we have found it to our advantage to create an army of two million men for service abroad and to transform industrial concerns at home into manufactures of munitions. In like manner we shall have to reconcile ourselves to the abolition of the most-favoured-nation clause after the war. It was that clause, imposed upon the French in the Treaty of Frankfurt, upon the Russians during the Japanese campaign, and upon the British by their free trade system, which furnished the Germans with the "silver bullets," by means of which they are now holding out against our last expedient—the war of exhaustion. Without the freedom of the enormous world markets of Great Britain, France, and Russia, the Germans would never have been able to build up their navy, to maintain their numerous army, nor to lay in the supplies of war material and gold, of the vastness of which we are only now acquiring an adequate idea. Shall we bestow on them the same privileges after the war? If so, whether our leanings be in the direction of free trade, fair trade, or protection, we shall be suicidally running after fate, and shall richly deserve to overtake it.

To the criticism that it would be unwise to adopt any measure, especially after this exhausting struggle, which would have for its effect the raising of food prices, the answer is simple and obvious. It is a matter, not of choice, but of dire necessity, as is our present daily expenditure of about three millions sterling. The alternative—another

early and this time disastrous struggle against a still better-equipped and mightier Germany—is not to be contemplated.

Whatever the effect on prices, therefore, we must even put up with them if, as seems certain, the measure that causes them is indispensable to the very existence of the nation. But in reality the cost of food would not be appreciably augmented owing to the large number of markets on which we could still draw for our duty-free supplies. If, say, Roumania were not a member of the League, we should purchase our cereals in Canada, Australia, Russia, the United States. Doubtless the South American republics would also join the concern, which in their case would not imply readiness to render help other than diplomatic to the Allies. Now this Tariff League, if established at once, would represent 271½ million friends as against 142¾ million enemies and 65 million neutrals. It would further include nearly all Africa, half of Asia, Canada, and Australia. If we further take in China, we might reckon three-fourths of the population of the globe, or about twelve hundred out of one thousand six hundred millions, as members. Free trade with these peoples would keep prices reasonably low.

But heavy duties on imports from countries outside the League in no wise exhaust the programme. It would also include far-reaching restrictions on the coasting trade and sufficiently heavy shipping dues to kill the competition which was formerly carried on by the great German liners against those of Great Britain. On coal, too, which before the war was exported for the value of about fifty-three millions sterling, a higher and a lower rate of export duty should be levied, which would sensibly affect the industries of the non-members of the League. How indispensable coal is, not merely for industries, but also for political purposes, was borne in upon me several months ago when I found that at least two of the Neutrals would have felt constrained to join the Allies if coal had been absolutely refused to them by Great Britain.

Our banks of issue and joint stock banks might form a vast syndicate, and associating economics with politics of which these are now become an integral part, smooth the way for our industrial and commercial pioneers. This, how-

ever, is but a minor part of the work which the new financial concern might with advantage accomplish abroad. Besides insuring a steady flow of capital into the countries which until now were dependent upon Germany, they could lower the rates of discount and of exchange there, and prevent excessive losses on paper money. It is superfluous to add that what is here asked for is neither a gift nor a loan without interest, but a series of business transactions advantageous to both parties. Under this heading of commercial regulations might be included a heavy tax on commercial travellers of the nations outside the League and on trade licenses for the same class of foreigners within countries of the Entente.

The Allies might go still further, and by creating an international clearing house for all nations belonging to the League, undertake to equalise the pressure of the service of their respective national debts, by means of those solid guarantees which each State could present for the purpose. In this operation there need be neither loss nor risk. Indeed, it can hardly be termed an innovation, seeing that similar operations have been effected time and again by British and French banking institutions, with this sole difference, that hitherto the basis of the transaction was purely financial, whereas it would henceforth be politico-financial. Credit in Greece was low at the time when France and Great Britain provided that little State with loans amounting in all to over thirty millions sterling at the advantageous rate of 4 per cent. interest. Yet no political return was asked for or given.

To some Britons it may appear a harsh measure to press thus suddenly on Neutrals who only ask to be left in peace. But it is well to remember that it is in the interests of the Neutrals as well as our own that they should be roused to salutary action. True, to kick and pinch and cuff one's friend is hardly the right way of showing affection for him. But if he be dropping off to eternal sleep in an arctic ice-field, where his life and help are necessary to his comrades, it is the only way, and to take it is a duty. Certain of the Neutrals may care nothing about the European community, to which they owe everything, and may even be ready to wreck civilisation by their mercenary tactics. But it behoves us to veto their sinister resolve with the most

formidable sanctions available. To-day they fancy that it is to their interest that we should be defeated. Well, let us give them an interest in our victory and a motive for contributing to it. The Economic League would accomplish that. To reserve economic benefits for our genuine friends is natural and fair. But unless it be taken in hand at once by an international commission, time, which so many complacently term our ally, will have rendered it useless as a factor in this campaign. And unless it be organised with method and applied with rigour, it will share the fate of so many other admirable schemes which have been foiled by hesitancy, half-heartedness, or bungling. This is not the moment to enumerate them or to fix responsibilities. Action is imperative.

It may not be amiss to point out one curious case of the Allies being caught napping,* which came to my notice some time ago, in connection with Roumania's shuffling policy. After the realisation of the hopes we had founded on the great spring offensive and the forcing of the Dardanelles were—postponed, we began to consider the exhaustion of the enemy as the groundwork of our confidence in the successful issue of the campaign. And assuming, as we do, that the Allies will all hold together long enough, the final exhaustion of the enemy is undoubtedly probable. But it, too, can be postponed or accelerated by our listlessness or enterprise. Thus the Germans and Austrians might have come to the end of their corn supplies in May, 1916, if they were restricted to the crops of their own countries. And they would have been thus restricted if we had bought up this year's harvest in Roumania. But the Germans, who look far ahead, were before us and purchased it, and I am assured by statisticians that this fresh supply will just suffice to tide them over the few months that must elapse between the end of their own stock and the ingathering of next year's harvest!

The direct bearing upon the destinies of Europe of a close economic Entente established at once can hardly be overstated. For it is manifest that none of the Neutrals, if denied the gratuitous enjoyment of the benefits now conferred on them by communion with the owners of the world's chief markets, could thrive on the few crumbs that

* See *Land and Water*, July 17th, 1915.

might fall from Germany's frugal board. Solicitude for the material interests to which they are peculiarly susceptible would therefore move them to turn like the sunflower towards the source of heat and fertility. And if instead of speculating on our ultimate defeat they felt moved to speculate on our triumph and to make the venture safe by throwing in their lot with ours, the campaign would be virtually won.

Editorial Statement

Mr. Austin Harrison has now become the principal shareholder in The English Review (1911), Limited, the Proprietors and Publishers of The English Review, the Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred Mond, Bart., having disposed of all his Shares in that Company.

The Riddle of Lord Haldane

By Austin Harrison

Lord Haldane's article in the *Nation* (August 7th) called "Democracy and Ideas" is a document of national significance. As Lord Haldane is not in the Government, and his manifestation is at once a confession and a judgment, it is pertinent to refer to the views set forth with such engaging ingenuousness by our late Minister of War.

"I have long thought and preached" (he writes) "that the real problem in this country is the development of thought and ideas." Organisation "even for war" depends for excellence, not on control *ab extra*, but on ideas and leadership. But it is not our way to trouble ourselves about possible emergencies until they do come.

With these statements every sane man will agree, though Lord Haldane's qualification of preparation for war with an "even" is disconcerting, seeing that we are all witnessing the results of preparation, and if the war has revealed any outstanding truth not hitherto generally grasped it is this vital necessity of preparation and organisation for war in times of peace.

When the time comes to take stock, he continues, "I think the wonder will be, not that we were so unprepared, but that we were as *well prepared as was the case*." (The italics are mine).

"We should have *developed the distinctive qualities of what* I will call the *General Staff* mind in things of peace as well as of war. It is the quality of a General Staff mind to think ahead, to define objectives, to plan out the ways of reaching them, and to be constantly at the elbows of Ministers with advice that can be acted upon. . . . If we possessed these things, we should have ideas, and organisation would follow. For if its leaders were penetrated with ideas, the democracy would soon be penetrated also. I have seen a good deal of democracy in my time."

Lord Haldane ends with a declaration of belief in

Democracy. "But its superiority will depend on the democracy, and if this democracy is to act as the many united in great effort, it must be *inspired and led*." (Again the italics are mine.)

At once we are struck with the sanity of Lord Haldane's profession of faith. They are the commonplaces of the German military idea. Thus the General Staff mind—an admirable precept for a statesman or a Minister of War. To look ahead, in a word, wise preparation for war—Hindenburg would demand nothing more. If the leaders had *ideas*, the people would soon be penetrated with them also —this platitude we can all subscribe to. That also a Democracy, if it is to "act as the many united in great effort," must necessarily be *inspired and led*, is indeed an axiom, however badly Lord Haldane has expressed it, of all wisdom of State.

If these are Lord Haldane's articles of belief, I admit to being a Haldanite; unfortunately they are in flat contradiction to Lord Haldane's record.

I believe a Haldane Manual has been compiled, wherein all his leading pronouncements can be studied. Anyhow, his dossier is common property. I will cite a few examples. Lord Haldane said (January 12th, 1912):—

"Compulsory service was an idle dream of those who were amateurs at political things." In 1911, he jauntily declared that he did not "think compulsory service would be adopted in this country until after England had been invaded once or twice." When he entered on his office, he announced that "the first step to doing anything effective for developing the national basis of the army was to cut something off the Regular forces"; and here he was logical, for he reduced the expenditure by £282,000 through "reduction of establishments" and "working stocks of stores, &c."

In 1911–12 he returned, as he has ex-Ministerially revealed to us, somewhat "uneasy" about German aims and preparations, and promptly showed a net decrease on his estimates of £70,000, "due to reduction on clothing, Special Reserve, and new field howitzers." We all remember his admiration for the Kaiser, "something more than an Emperor: he was a man, and a great man"; his "personal debt" to Germany, which was his "spiritual home." We

all know, too, that despite this personal indebtedness to German thoroughness and efficiency, he economised on the first arm to create a Territorial Army, on the principle that it was to be ready six months after war had begun, thus acting contrary to the very German principle which had so inspired him.

But Ministers proverbially say silly things—things they do not mean. I will not, therefore, harp on the Haldane record, except to recall Lord Haldane's snub administered to Lord Roberts, who (I happen to know) was the particular British soldier the German General Staff had a deep admiration for. As before said, one must not take the pronouncements of modern-day Ministers too seriously; I confine myself solely to Lord Haldane's *acts* as Minister of War.

Now the difference between profession and performance, or Lord Haldane in office and Lord Haldane in an academic soliloquy without responsibility, is so marked, so flagrant, that the humblest layman must needs be confounded. In office, vested, that is, with Britain's military and political responsibility for war, Lord Haldane's dossier is one of sustained negation, optimism, and pleasant cynicism, while publicly and even officially he consistently praised and courted the German Emperor. I am aware, of course, that he created the Territorial Army, for which full credit is due to him. But that is not the point. The duty of a Minister of War is to attend primarily to the Regular Army, to have (as Lord Haldane puts it) the General Staff mind. As we know, when war broke out, our Expeditionary Army numbered about half the very moderate total we had pledged ourselves to send to the Continent; as for its technical preparedness, such as machine guns, the appreciation of modern requirements, &c., the less said about it the better. Indeed, Lord Haldane in his article admits our terrible state of unpreparedness; Lord Haldane's case on results is therefore *chose jugée*, and only a party politician would dispute it.

As responsible Minister, then, we find Lord Haldane repudiating national service; economising on our Regular Army, and yet an avowed admirer of German system, organisation, and General Staff thoroughness, himself keeping annually in touch on the spot with the *Geist* of his friend,

the Emperor, and the political, military, social, philosophical, and metaphysical spirit and progress of modern Germany.

Now Lord Haldane's authority, and so responsibility, in the Government was peculiar—he was the only man who knew German, and so the only man in the Cabinet in a position to claim first-hand knowledge and right of judgment. He went to Germany every year. What Lord Haldane did not know about the Germans was not considered worth knowing. The Cabinet trusted his judgment absolutely. As Minister of War, "spying" annually in the Fatherland, he naturally must know what the Germans were doing and thinking. Rumour credited him with a kind of Delphic wisdom. In his dual *rôle* of statesman and Minister of War, he disarmed criticism, the Cabinet, and Parliament; he could read Kant—who would suspect him of cant? He alone was "thorough"; it was his press *Leit-motif*. What Lord Haldane said about Germany was accepted as gospel by politicians and the public alike. As a fact, he enjoyed every conceivable advantage as the Minister of War, politically and militarily.

And turning to his article, we read with bewilderment Lord Haldane's verdict on his own tenure of office. From accused, he passes genially to the part of accuser. He had long preached the development of thought and ideas. We ought to have developed the General Staff mind; to have looked ahead; defined objectives; to have been "constantly at the elbows of Ministers with advice." We ought to have been "led and inspired," and so on—always we ought, it was our fault, when Lord Haldane all these years was the one man responsible for not developing the General Staff mind; for not looking ahead; for not defining objectives; for not having heeded the journalists who did nudge the elbows of self-complacent Ministers; for not having at least imparted to the public his own knowledge of German aims, efficiency, preparedness, thoroughness, and General Staff conceptions of humanity, he, the scholar, logician, lawyer, statesman, and War-Minister, philosophically cognisant of the danger all the while, and even surreptitiously uneasy about it. He who when in office denounced Lord Roberts as an amateur, to-day denounces in his capacity as arm-chair philosopher our poor Democracy for not having had

sufficient ideas to teach him his business; the knowledge about the Germans that he ought to have shared with them, and that very inspiration which he, as the sole "authority" on Germany in England, the man who could actually read Mommsen without a dictionary, ought to have kindled in every hearth and home in the country.

It is an astonishing performance even for an amateur metaphysician. What it means is this. As Minister of War Lord Haldane played at politics with the Kaiser, devoting himself with a singular want of logic for a lawyer to Britain's second or non-expeditionary arm. As statesman he was completely hoodwinked by the Kaiser's blandishments, thus hoodwinking the people in England. Yet all the time he visited Germany, and professed unstinted admiration for the very qualities he deliberately neglected to develop here. And now that he can speak, as it were, *ex cathedrâ*, he scolds the people for not leading him; for not warning him about the Kaiser's machinations; for not inspiring him to listen, with the humility of an amateur, to the voice of the first professional soldier in the land; for not having that General Staff mind which he was paid £5,000 a year to possess and that prophetic wisdom which he led democracy to believe he alone of Englishmen had found in the spirituality of Germany.

It beats Trebitch, on logic. But Lord Haldane is not even consistent in his article. If the leaders were "penetrated with ideas, the democracy would soon be penetrated also," he writes, even as he castigates democracy for not leading its leaders. What does he mean? In this article he claims to have these ideas. "I have seen a good deal of democracy in my time," he throws out with avuncular sententiousness. Then why, if he knew and can now explain to us precisely what we were lacking in, did he not "penetrate" us with those ideas of his—so sedulously hidden from the forum, so illogically neglected in practice?

Now Lord Haldane is not the Holy Ghost. It is unkind of him to blame democracy for not having told him he was a duffer all the time that he was making them think he was a genius. His reproach to the "screeching war-panickers" for not having jogged his elbow enough is mere cynicism. It is hypocrisy to chide the public for not knowing what

he ought to have known, what the entire Cabinet thought he alone did know, what—by George, yes—what his article in the *Nation* would suggest, if it suggests anything, that he did actually know.

No, no. Not that. I read his article as an apologia, nothing more, but no sane man after reading it with its tissue of inconsistencies and contradictions, can look back and conceive of Lord Haldane in office again. That I hold to be impossible.

Lord Haldane has told us again and again of his admiration for German system and education; his learning on the subject of Goethe was a dinner-table asset; it is therefore impossible that he did not know that if there is one thing the Germans abominate it is amateurishness. So the voluntary or casual system which means necessarily casual thought, casual discipline, casual organisation, casual education, casual national co-ordination and application of effort. He must often have talked over the doctrine of the will to power with his German friends; he must have known what the Kaiser Idea stood for, Deutschland über Alles, and the racial doctrine of an All-Germany expounded by the traitor Englishman, Chamberlain, and a thousand other professors. Steeped in German thought, he must have heard of the Navy League, the war philosophy of the Germans, nor could he have fraternised with professors without being struck with their perfectly frank militarism, their hatred of England's sea-power, their religion—to win to sovereign power in Europe. Better than any man in England he knew that the Germans despised the amateurishness which places civilians as heads of the Army and Navy. Yet he never told us about these things when responsible, though to-day, as irresponsible critic, he warns us that the leaders of democracy must get ideas and express them with conviction "and even passion."

Thus we find that out of office Lord Haldane can be sincere and suggestive, but in office he can only conform to the policy of wait and see. No greater indictment of our party system has ever been penned. No Minister in history ever exposed his own futility with such serene and cynical complacency.

The question arises, What is the riddle of Lord Haldane, and what is its lesson? The riddle I believe to

be this, and it is the only explanation that can exonerate him—vanity. In human charity, I ascribe all his vagaries of theory and practice to an absorbing vanity, inflated, no doubt, by the consciousness of a distinct superiority over all other members of the Government in that he alone knew German. It led him naturally to Germany, where he fell an easy prey to the Kaiser's *chinoiseries*. Lord Haldane was not the only Englishman so seduced, in the Army and out of it.

In the ordinary way, the annual visit of a Minister of War to Germany would have awakened natural suspicions at Potsdam; but the Kaiser saw through his man. He knew that Lord Haldane was not a soldier, but a man of cultured tastes who was easily flattered, was, in short, an excellent medium for what the Germans call *Ulkerei*, or spoof. They welcomed his attentions, and they went to war on the conviction that we would not fight.

That is the secret of the Haldane riddle. His pose to-day as the "thinker of battles," the man with a grievance and a General Staff mind, who might have done such great things if only the public had inspired him, is conclusive proof of his Party political mind and lack of all sense of Ministerial responsibility. When he is philosophical, Lord Haldane speaks well: "democracy was not disposed to listen to the few who preached."

Quite so. But Lord Haldane was our paid Minister of War; it was his business to inform and educate us—he forgets that. The country never will forget it. And since that is the standard he himself sets up for Democracy, may it also be the standard of future government. Such is the moral of the Haldane riddle. He has told us that because the people did not lead, the leaders funked the task. It is a judgment. In the future it must be the national business of democracy to see that its leaders are men of stuff and conscience who will lead, and that the responsibility of Ministers is not confined to journalistic academic reflections *in otio cum dignitate*. I believe that is for us the supreme lesson of the war. Trebitch, ex-M.P. and spy, is bad enough; I am not sure that Haldanism is much better.

Britain's Duty

By Austin Harrison

READERS of this REVIEW know that from the first day of hostilities I have done what lay in my power to put before them the facts of the war and the stupendous gravity of the Allied task. From the beginning I insisted that the war was the supreme crisis in modern history; that it would be a war of long duration, of years; of peoples and the organisation, discipline, self-sacrifice, cohesion, and technical application of peoples unlike all other wars waged by professional armies; that the Germans were the most powerful, the most determined and ruthless enemy that the world has ever known; that only full realisation on our part of the unexampled sacrifice and effort necessary would avail to beat back the Germans and obtain a lasting peace on the basis of nationality and of common freedom.

Unfortunately, our ignorance of Germany, our traditional casualness, our insular want of imagination, our belief in the fetish of money, and the idea that Germany and Austria—Austria, who had never yet won a campaign in history—could not possibly stand up against the strongest numerical Power in Europe and the strongest Power on the seas, these considerations lulled us into a sense of false security and a total lack of appreciation of the strength and skill pitted against us. In the first months of the war we thought that Germany would break down financially, then we banked on the Russians, the "Steam-roller." At Christmas we spoke of May as the end, at Easter peace was fixed for June. Now, after a year of war, we find the Germans still in occupation of Belgium and an important part of industrial France; in possession of Courland and Poland, driving the Russian armies steadily before them, in a word with the balance of the year on results absolutely in their favour.

A terrible secondary war is engaging our strength at the Dardanelles. On land the Entente Powers can point to no positive result, the German battle navy is still intact. Italy has not yet been able to break through to Trieste. Except in the East, positional warfare has led to a condition of stagnation. The announced and generally anticipated summer offensive in France (which was to end the war) has so far not even been attempted, because of our utter lack of understanding of the requirements of modern warfare, and consequently our neglect to organise our industries; our neglect to understand the technical business of war; our neglect to realise that only national effort, the subordination and co-ordination of the entire economic energies in the country upon the purpose of war would place us in the position to provide the needful striking force.

The Press having been muzzled, the Government jogged along, waiting to see, until the exposure of the shell scandals, of our want of organisation and the "incidents" connected with Mr. Churchill at the Admiralty brought about its fall to make way for a Coalition. It was the first step in the slow progress of our awakening. But ignorance still reigned rampant, based chiefly on the notion of the power of money. And still the Government weighs and balances what it ought to do, even about so vital a question as cotton. We have at last taken a register, though the Government have not yet screwed up enough courage to inform the public how it is to be used. Meanwhile, the Russians, owing chiefly to the want of munitions and to a due lack of preparation and adaptability to unprecedented requirements, retreat into the interior, while here we call any man a pessimist who ventures to protest against that fatuous self-complacency which refuses to face facts and has kept us all these priceless months sucking in the blather of "experts" instead of like men and Englishmen taking off our coats and preparing to fight at full strength.

For this, and it cannot be denied, Party politics are largely responsible. When I read in Liberal organs the words that "we had better be beaten than adopt national service," I confess I do not understand such an England. A principle for a country—it would be comic were it not

so hideously tragic. These poor scribes, if ever the Germans get over here, would find themselves vassals of the Kaiser's militarism, dressed up in a green uniform, sworn at, cuffed, and drilled by a Prussian sergeant. Like a house of cards our wealth would crumble down, the spirit of England would be obliterated. Our homes would be devastated, our principles and theories thrown into the sewers, our greatness struck down for ever. What poison is it that blinds these men writing and argufying thus about the nobility of casual effort when the merest glance at the map of Europe, a day spent in France, an hour in the trenches, would surely convince them of their academic folly—a folly which, I say, is treason! Treason to France. Treason to Russia. Treason to humanity. Treason to England.

Oh, I know the tags, the smug bleat about "muddling through," "doing more than we pledged ourselves to," "our bit"—they are just words. This is no Boer war, no nigger or newspaper campaign. It is our hour, the critical hour in our history. We can go back to our village politics, our joy-ride theories, our self-satisfaction, our toy importances and vanities—when the war is over. But the war is not over. It is only about half through. Russia, our great illusion, has failed us. We have only the security of money left us. Is this not enough even for the war-lecturers? I cannot understand the minds of men who still think we can win the war by half-effort. To win we have to crush the Germans. There is no other way. If after a year of war with a map before them these theorists who prevent us from adopting national service still think there is no need to fight at full strength, then there is no help for them, and there will be only Providence to help us. The "optimist" to-day is a fool, that is the truth, and he is an asset of inestimable assistance to the enemy.

But there is another aspect. These Liberal optimists —all the Liberal papers are notorious for the placards Mr. Lloyd George advised men not to read, and silly victory-shrieking—are the very men who before August of last year told the people Germany was their friend, and attacked with all the venom at their command the few soldiers, non-Party journalists, and men who attempted

to warn the country. The fact is curious. These men, who were all, individually and collectively, wrong about the Germans, now have the impudence (it is the only word) to pose as "experts" about them and as critics of those who, *right about the German danger before the war*, to-day seek to induce their countrymen to meet it in the only safe way.

If the public had any memory, they would pay no attention to these turncoat gentry. They would see through their wretched game—to pose as super-patriots while all the time doing their best to prevent national service; to prevent, that is, this country from playing her full part in the interests of Party political principle. They know that to be the truth. They shriek victory to-day to cover up their own ignorance and stupidity before the war. They think optimism is the trump-card to play. Now the truth is that they are the men who prevented Lord Roberts from enlightening the country. They are the men who betrayed the national interests of Britain. They, the pro-Germans before the war, are the cause of our unpreparedness, our delays and muddle, our want of leadership, our casual organisation, our lack of appreciation of the military requirements, they with their silly babble of "War to End War" and all the other claptrap of their peace repertory: and if we lose the war these are the men who will be *responsible*.

I shall never forget the agony of the first week in August of 1914. Was it possible we were going to fail the French? Then came the news of Belgium. "We would never stand that"—we did the right and only thing. And ever since that day I have waited for that *other* right and only thing, the introduction of national service. Before the battle of the Marne it was obviously impossible to change our military system, but the Marne is a long time ago to-day. If anyone had told me before the war or after it had broken out that any Government finding itself involved in a life or death European struggle would have hesitated even for a week to proclaim the principle of national service, I can say on my honour I should not have believed him. Month after month I have said to myself, "Is it possible? Are we really so ignorant about war and our foe that we honestly think victory is certain, and that our full co-operation is

unnecessary? Is it conceivable that men will sit in the Government and for the sake of a principle not do what they must in their hearts know to be imperative? And why? Why in any case risk failure? Why run on the margin of chance when the only straight and decisive way is to make the greatest effort possible? What conceivable reason can there be for any other course?"

And so week after week, month after month, I have waited, every hour adding to the horror and shame of this nightmare of our hesitancy—to understand, to do our simple duty, to realise that we are to-day fighting for our very existence, that only by fighting at full strength can we hope or deserve to win.

We call ourselves sportsmen. We are the sailors of the modern world. Our national pride is the youthful splendour of our athletes. The very name of Nelson still brings a lump into our throats. And yet we hesitate. Still, like schoolboys, we prattle about one volunteer being the equal to four conscripts. Still we talk about man and his rights, about liberty, about civilisation, about Empire, yet after a year of unsuccessful war we cannot even make up our minds to take the one step which can ensure us victory, and the one course which can enable us to say that we are doing our best.

"*Every fit man, whatever his position in life, must be made available, as and when his country calls him, for the fighting line, or, if specially qualified, for national service at home.*" With these words the National Service Manifesto appeals to the country. Can any man read them to-day and disapprove? Can any man doubt that we are to-day at the turning-point of our history? Can any man see the Red Cross cars stealing through the streets in the early hours of the morning and hesitate any longer? Can any man calling himself an Englishman believe that we are doing rightly and nobly, fighting at half strength, refusing still to recognise the peril of our Allies, the grave danger to our homes even in these islands? Can any man hold that England is justifying her civilisation if she refuses to give her all to fight for it? Can any man read those words and think of the vulgarity of the street posters, the fact that there should be any necessity for placards at all, without indignation, without a sense that all is not well in a

philosophy of life which in the hour of need lacks a common inspiration?

The time has come to dispel all illusions and false optimism, and face the facts that face us. They are not pleasant. I will briefly enumerate them.

First we have to face the fact that the Russians, though still potentially the decisive factor, are to-day only relatively so, all idea of an energetic Russian offensive being now no longer even a possibility for at least six months. Secondly, we have to face the fact of the unshaken German line in the west, and that the only condition of success there is its inruption. Thus at the beginning of the second year of war, the Entente strength is less than it was at the beginning of August, 1914; Russia having lost her great strategic vantage point centred round the fortifications and railway system of Poland; we and the French occupying much the same position that we held last November.

Six months ago the "experts" were writing that of course the Germans had lost the strategic offensive; to-day nobody but an ass would say so. They shot off also about seven million Germans; the answer to-day is the German advance in Russia. They told us Germany was financially broken; to-day we are getting concerned about the American exchange. The summer offensive has not materialised. In Gallipoli we are fighting a terrible war, the difficulties of which have never been explained and are still incalculable. Our own difficulties of supply are enormous owing to our neglect in peace to prepare for war and our neglect till quite recently to organise our industries. These are the facts. To hide them, to pretend they do not exist, to gas ourselves any longer is not optimism but cowardice, not patriotism but the most fatuous kind of treason.

The so-called "optimist" to-day, the fellow who goes about saying "Things seem to be going on well to-day," is in reality a moral coward and an enemy to his country. He is the wo-back, the smut in the machine of effort and organisation, he is the bane of England. What is needed to-day is understanding, moral courage, unity.

We must get out of our heads that the war is "virtually" won because we have the money, because Germany cannot get imports, because somehow we always have "pulled through." No more dangerous illusion can be held. This

war will be won by the side that gives proof of the greatest nationally concentrated and applied technical, economic, and physical effort, and in no other way. It is not a matter of courage in the least. Two civilisations are opposed to one another in a death grapple. There can be no half-victory. One or the other side will conquer absolutely. If we are to conquer we must make up our minds to put every available fighting man in these islands in the field, perhaps an army of 5,000,000, and set ourselves to back them up here with all the vast economic resources at our disposal.

That is the only safe way now to face the situation. Every month that we hesitate increases the chances of the Germans, who will fight till they win or go down. Let us make no mistake about that. To-day the Socialists' rally in Germany is: "We go to Hindenburg." That shows the moral of our enemy at the end of the first year of war. It is for us to answer it in the only manner fitting to a proud civilisation: "We go to national service."

When we have done that we can be as optimistic as we like, for we shall have done our duty, and even if we fail we shall go down with glory. But once we adopt national service and fight at full strength, I am confident it will be the Allies who will "go to" Hindenburg and strike down his might.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

MUTUAL INFLUENCE. By Sir Francis Younghusband. (Williams and Norgate.)

A RECENT writer in the *English Review*, speaking of the War, says that one of the effects of this convulsion is that it has driven a certain number of men to look more closely into themselves for motives and results—to turn their eyes inward. "Mutual Influence" is an admirable instance of this process. The book is a direct product of the War; it is symptomatic of this present moment of unrest; a good specimen of its kind, moreover, inasmuch as it is thoroughly honest. The author has no axe to grind; he is not pledged to give support to this or that religious or scientific confraternity; he is groping his way, unaided, out of the twilight of anthropomorphism. The Archbishop of Canterbury may say that "the war is not the work of God but of the devil"—it is his business to use disreputable phraseology of this kind; Sir Francis Younghusband has no further use for it. He finds that the present condition of Europe "does not bear on the face of it the mark of a perfectly good and wise God's handiwork"; he is weary of the conception of a merciful Deity controlling human affairs. And well he may be, for if this war has done nothing else, it has surely gone far towards shattering that comfortable fiction.

But our author is not yet out of the wood; in our humble opinion, he is approximately half-way through the jungle. Traces of animism still cling to him. The substitution of terms like "Universal Spirit" or "World-Soul" for the old-fashioned Jehovah is doubtless an indication of a cleaner habit of mind, but will it be long, we wonder, ere he realises that he can also discard his World-Soul; that even as Jehovah was invented to explain certain happenings in a rude age, so this World-Soul is merely a product of the human phantasy in a more recent stage of evolution?

Surely we can get on very well without either the one or the other. Because men are *creatures of circumstances*, because they erect temples in different parts of the world, and are afflicted with unmanageable earthquakes and famines—in other words, because men have often believed in an unseen power—therefore there exists such an unseen power: surely there is something not quite right with this old *consensus-gentium* argument. Again, his remarks on Public Opinion, and other passages in the book, are remarkable exemplifications of the time-honoured fallacy of treating a concept as if it were an entity. So Herbert Spencer talks of "The Unknown." Have we not outgrown that stage?

Sir Francis would have mankind better itself by letting the World-spirit "exercise its fullest influence upon him." If mankind would only use its five senses, and ponder rigorously upon what has happened and is now happening, contriving an intellectual backbone for its gelatinous morality, and relentlessly casting out whatever refuses to attach itself to that backbone—the World-spirit might be left to take care of itself. We think that the author will discover, in the course of his further meditations, that much of what he here tells us about good and evil is somewhat out of date; that nothing on earth is permanent save only change; that his "progress" is one of those dangerous catch-words against which he expressly warns us; that the good of to-day is neither the good of yesterday nor yet the good of to-morrow; that virtues are merely adaptations to an ever-fluctuating environment, and that nothing can be called beneficial in a spiritual sense which does not commend itself as physiologically beneficial. "Pity," for instance, he describes as one of the more modern emanations of the World-spirit—unknown to men till they emerged from the bestial condition of cave-dwellers. Well, "pity" is the direct ancestor of Christianity; "pity" is therefore responsible for cheerful episodes like the Spanish Inquisition, and for that repression of scientific research which befouled Europe from end to end with plagues and pestilences. The Oriental nightmare of pity is on the wane; there are indications that the World-spirit, like his old Semitic prototype, is *repenting* of certain of his works. Let us hope so, at least.

In short, the volume gives us the impression of Sir Francis, like the pioneer he is, hewing his way through a

jungle. We see the very pitfalls which surround him—mysticism, the personification of abstractions, the use of specious analogies, Oliver Lodge-isms, humanity-worship: this is precisely what makes the book so interesting as a document. Were the word not hackneyed, we would speak of its idealistic tendencies. It is a suggestive piece of work—gracious, sincere, and streaked with kindliness.

ECONOMIC

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND. I. THE MIDDLE AGES. By E. Lipson. (Black.) 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

IT is seldom that one comes across a book so excellent in every way as this study by Mr. Lipson. The subject of Economic History is one that few people can enthuse about, and those who do take an interest in the subject generally develop "theories" and "cases," which prevent them from giving an unbiassed account of the result of their work, so that a full and careful study set forth in such excellent form is welcome for more reasons than one. The ground covered is from the seventh to the sixteenth centuries. We are plunged at once into the subject of the origin of the Manor. The problem is stated of whether we owe to the Manor—and all that it implies—to the Roman or the Teutonic systems of land holding. The evidence on both sides is impartially stated, as it should be, for "The issue between the two schools is not a barren speculation, but a matter of the greatest historical importance. It involves the fundamental question whether the starting point of our history is the freedom or the servitude of the great mass of the nation." The second chapter of the book leads us to the "open field system," and from that to the break-up of the Manor, "one of the most important movements in the social and economic history of the later Middle Ages." The effects of the Black Death are then dealt with, and the events that led up to the Agrarian Revolution. As the author himself points out, the available material for the study of his subject has greatly increased during recent years, and both the older sources of evidence and the new material have been used and thus added to the general wealth of knowledge. We see more clearly than ever the forces that led to the gradual develop-

ment of towns, the rise of markets and fairs, all the varied and strange causes that evolved the wonderful mediæval guilds of craftsmen and merchants, the growth of capitalist enterprise in certain industries, and the development of foreign trade. For a scholarly, dispassionate introduction to this important subject of economic history we can heartily recommend everyone to this work. It is a solid treatise, full of facts, and yet more readable than such books generally are. We cannot praise it too highly.

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